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THE CHACE.

A

POEM.

BY

William Somervile, Esq;

Nec tibi cura canum fuerit postrema.
VIRG. Georg. III.

Romanis solenne viris opus, utile famæ,
Vitæque, & membris.
HOR. Ep. XVIII. Lib. I.

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MDCCXXXV.

THE

CHASE.

A

POEM.

THE

PREFACE.

THE Old and Infirm have at leaſt this Privilege, that they can recall to their Minds thoſe Scenes of Joy in which they once delighted, and ruminate over their paſt Pleaſures, with a Satisfaction almoſt equal to the firſt Enjoyment. For thoſe Ideas, to which any agreeable Senſation is annex'd, are eaſily excited; as leaving behind them the moſt ſtrong and permanent Impreſſions. The Amuſements of our Youth are the Boaſt and Comfort of our declining Years. The Ancients carried this Notion even yet further, and ſuppoſed their Heroes in the Elyſian Fields were fond of the very ſame Diverſions they exerciſed on Earth. Death it ſelf could not wean them from the accuſtom'd Sports and Gayeties of Life.

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Pars in gramineis exercent membra palæſtris,
Contendunt ludo, & fulvâ luctantur arenâ:
Pars pedibus plaudunt choreas, & carmina dicunt.
Arma procul curruſque virûm miratur inanes.
Stant terrâ defixæ haſtæ, paſſimque ſoluti
Per campos paſcuntur equi. Quæ gratia currûm
Armorumque fuit vivis, quæ cura nitentes
Paſcere equos, eadem ſequitur tellure repôſtos.

VIRG. Æneid. VI.

Part on the graſſy Cirque their pliant Limbs
In Wreſtling exerciſe, or on the Sands
Struggling diſpute the Prize. Part lead the Ring,
Or ſwell the Chorus with alternate Lays.
The Chief their Arms admires, their empty Cars,
Their Lances fix'd in Earth. Th' unharneſs'd Steeds
Graze unreſtrain'd; Horſes, and Cars, and Arms,
All the ſame fond Deſires, and pleaſing Cares,
Still haunt their Shades, and after Death ſurvive.

I hope therefore I may be indulged (even by the more grave and cenſorious Part of Mankind) if at my leiſure Hours, I run over, in my Elbow-Chair, ſome of thoſe Chaces, which were once the Delight of a more vigorous Age.

Age. It is an entertaining, and (as I conceive) a very innocent Amuſement. The Reſult of theſe rambling Imaginations will be found in the following Poem; which if equally diverting to my Readers, as to my ſelf, I ſhall have gain'd my End. I have intermix'd the preceptive Parts with ſo many Deſcriptions and Digreſſions in the Georgick Manner, that I hope they will not be tedious. I am ſure they are very neceſſary to be well underſtood by any Gentleman, who would enjoy this noble Sport in full Perfection. In this at leaſt I may comfort my ſelf, that I cannot treſpaſs upon their Patience more than Markham, Blome, *and the other Proſe Writers upon this Subject.*

IT is moſt certain, that Hunting was the Exerciſe of the greateſt Heroes in Antiquity. By this they form'd themſelves for War; and their Exploits againſt Wild Beaſts were a Prelude to their future Victories. Xenophon *ſays, that almoſt all the ancient Heroes,* Neſtor, Theſeus, Caſtor, Pollux, Ulyſſes, Diomedes, Achilles, &c. *were* Μαθηταὶ Κυνηγεσιῶν, *Diſciples of Hunting; being*

taught carefully that Art, as what would be highly ſerviceable to them in military Diſcipline. Xen. Cynegetic. *And* Pliny *obſerves, thoſe who were deſign'd for great Captains, were firſt taught* certare cum fugacibus feris curſu, cum audacibus robore, cum callidis aſtu: to conteſt with the ſwifteſt Wild Beaſts, in Speed; with the boldeſt, in Strength; with the moſt cunning, in Craft and Subtilty. *Plin. Panegyr. And the* Roman *Emperors, in thoſe Monuments they erected to tranſmit their Actions to future Ages, made no ſcruple to join the Glories of the Chace to their moſt celebrated Triumphs. Neither were their Poets wanting to do Juſtice to this heroick Exerciſe. Beſide that of* Oppian *in* Greek, *we have ſeveral Poems in* Latin *upon Hunting.* Gratius *was Contemporary with* Ovid; *as appears by this Verſe,*

Aptaque venanti Gratius arma dabit.

LIB. IV. PONT.

Gratius ſhall arm the Huntſman for the Chace.

But of his Works only ſome Fragments remain.

main. There are many others of more modern Date. Amongſt theſe Nemeſianus, *who ſeems very much ſuperior to* Gratius, *tho' of a more degenerate Age. But only a Fragment of his firſt Book is preſerv'd. We might indeed have expected to have ſeen it treated more at large by* Virgil *in his third Georgick, ſince it is expreſsly Part of his Subject. But he has favoured us only with ten Verſes; and what he ſays of Dogs, relates wholly to Grey-hounds and Maſtiffs.*

Veloces Spartæ catulos, acremque Moloſſum.

GEOR. III.

The Greyhound ſwift, and Maſtiff's furious Breed.

And he directs us to feed them with Butter-Milk. Paſce Sero pingui. *He has, it is true, touch'd upon the Chace in the* 4th *and* 7th *Books of the* Æneid. *But it is evident, that the Art of Hunting is very different now, from what it was in his Days, and very much alter'd and improv'd in theſe latter Ages. It does not appear to me that the Ancients had any Notion of purſuing Wild Beaſts by the Scent only, with a regular and*

well-diſciplin'd Pack of Hounds; and therefore they muſt have paſs'd for Poachers amongſt our modern Sportſmen. The Muſter Roll given us by Ovid, *in his Story of* Actæon *is of all Sorts of Dogs, and of all Countries. And the Deſcription of the ancient Hunting, as we find it in the Antiquities of* Pere de Montfaucon *taken from the Sepulchre of the* Naſos, *and the Arch of* Conſtantine, *has not the leaſt Trace of the Manner now in Uſe.*

WHENEVER the Ancients mention Dogs followed by the Scent, they mean no more than finding out the Game by the Noſe of one ſingle Dog. This was as much as they knew of the Odora canum vis. *Thus* Nemeſianus *ſays,*

Odorato noſcunt veſtigia prato,
Atque etiam leporum ſecreta cubilia monſtrant.
They challenge on the Mead the recent Stains,
And trail the Hare unto her ſecret Form.

Oppian *has a long Deſcription of theſe Dogs in his firſt Book from* Ver. 479 *to* 526. *And here,*

here, tho' he ſeems to deſcribe the Hunting of the Hare by the Scent thro' many Turnings and Windings; yet he really ſays no more, than that one of thoſe Hounds, which he calls ἰχνευλῆτες, finds out the Game. For he follows the Scent no further than the Hare's Form; from whence, after he has ſtarted her, he purſues her by Sight. I am indebted for theſe two laſt Remarks to a reverend and very learned Gentleman, whoſe Judgment in the Belles Lettres *no Body diſputes, and whoſe Approbation gave me the Aſſurance to publiſh this Poem.*

OPPIAN *alſo obſerves, that the beſt Sort of theſe Finders were brought from* Britain; *this Iſland having always been famous (as it is at this Day) for the beſt Breed of Hounds, for Perſons the beſt ſkill'd in the Art of Hunting, and for Horſes the moſt enduring to follow the Chace. It is therefore ſtrange that none of our Poets have yet thought it worth their while to treat of this Subject; which is without doubt very noble in itſelf, and very well adapted to receive the moſt beautiful Turns of Poetry. Perhaps our Poets*

Poets have no great Genius for Hunting. Yet I hope, my Brethren of the Couples, by encouraging this firſt, but imperfect, Eſſay, will ſhew the World they have at leaſt ſome Taſte for Poetry.

THE Ancients eſteem'd Hunting, not only as a manly and warlike Exerciſe, but as highly conducive to Health. The famous Galen *recommends it above all others, as not only exerciſing the Body, but giving Delight and Entertainment to the Mind. And he calls the Inventors of this Art wiſe Men, and well ſkill'd in human Nature.* Lib. de parvæ pilæ Exercitio.

THE Gentlemen, who are fond of a Gingle at the Cloſe of every Verſe, and think no Poem truly muſical but what is in Rhime, will here find themſelves diſappointed. If they will be pleaſed to read over the ſhort Preface before the Paradiſe Loſt, *Mr.* Smith's *Poem in Memory of his Friend Mr.* John Philips, *and the Archbiſhop of* Cambray's *Letter to Monſieur* Fontenelle, *they may probably be of another Opinion.*

For

For my own Part, I ſhall not be aſham'd to follow the Example of Milton, Philips, Thomſon, *and all our beſt tragick Writers.*

SOME few Terms of Art are diſpers'd here and there; but ſuch only as are abſolutely requiſite to explain my Subject. I hope in this the Criticks will excuſe me; for I am humbly of Opinion, that the Affectation, and not the neceſſary Uſe, is the proper Object of their Cenſure.

BUT I have done. I know the Impatience of my Brethren, when a fine Day, and the Conſort of the Kennel, invite them abroad. I ſhall therefore leave my Reader to ſuch Diverſion, as he may find in the Poem it ſelf.

En age, Segnes,
Rumpe moras; vocat ingenti clamore Cithæron,
Taygetique canes, domitrixque Epidaurus equorum;
Et vox aſſenſu nemorum ingeminata remugit.

VIRG. GEORG. III.

Hark,

Hark, away,
Caſt far behind the lingring Cares of Life.
Cithæron calls aloud, and in full Cry
Thy Hounds, *Taygetus*. *Epidaurus* trains
For us the gen'rous Steed; the Hunter's Shouts,
And chearing Cries, aſſenting Woods return.

TO

TO

WILLIAM SOMERVILE, Eſq;

On his POEM call'd

The CHACE.

WHILE you, Sir, gain the Steep Aſcent to Fame,
And Honours due to deathleſs Merit claim;
To a weak Muſe a kind Indulgence lend,
Fond with juſt Praiſe your Labours to commend,
And tell the World, that Somervile's *her Friend.*
Her Incenſe guiltleſs of the Forms of Art
Breaths all the Huntſman's Honeſty of Heart;
Whoſe Fancy ſtill the pleaſing Scene retains
Of Edric's *Villa, and* Ardenna's *Plains:*

Joys,

Joys, which from Change ſuperiour Charms receiv'd,
The Horn hoarſe ſounding by the Lyre reliev'd:
When the Day crown'd with rural chaſte Delight,
Reſigns obſequious to the feſtive Night;
The feſtive Night awakes th' harmonious Lay,
And in ſweet Verſe recounts the Triumphs of the Day.

Strange! that the Britiſh *Muſe ſhould leave ſo long,*
The Chace, *the Sport of* Britain's *Kings, unſung!*
Diſtinguiſh'd Land! by Heav'n indulg'd to breed
The ſtout, ſagacious Hound, and gen'rous Steed;
In vain! while yet no Bard adorn'd our Iſle,
To celebrate the glorious ſylvan Toil.
For this what darling Son ſhall feel thy Fire,
God of th' unerring Bow, and tuneful Lyre?
Our Vows are heard——Attend, ye vocal Throng,
Somervile *meditates th' advent'rous Song.*

Bold

Bold to attempt, and happy to excell,
His num'rous Verſe the Huntſman's Art ſhall tell.
From him, ye Britiſh *Youths, a vig'rous Race,*
Imbibe the various Science of the Chace;
And while the well-plan'd Syſtem you admire,
Know Brunswick *only could the Work inſpire:*
A Georgic Muſe awaits Augustan *Days,*
And Somerviles *will ſing, when* Frederics *give*
the Bays.

John Nixon.

TO THE AUTHOR OF The CHACE.

ONCE more, my Friend, I touch the trembling Lyre,
And in my Boſom feel poetick Fire.
For thee I quit the Law's more rugged Ways,
To pay my humble Tribute to thy Lays.
What, tho' I daily turn each learned Sage,
And labour thro' the unenlighten'd Page:
Wak'd by thy Lines, the borrow'd Flames I feel,
As Flints give Fire when aided by the Steel.

Tho'

Tho' in ſulphureous Clouds of Smoak confin'd,
Thy rural Scenes ſpring freſh into my Mind.
Thy Genius in ſuch Colours paints the Chace,
The real to fictitious Joys give Place.
When the wild Muſick charms my raviſh'd Ear,
How dull, how taſteleſs Handel's *Notes appear!*
Ev'n Farenelli's *Self the Palm reſigns,*
He yields —— but to the Muſick of thy Lines.
If Friends to Poetry can yet be found;
Who without bluſhing Senſe prefer to Sound;
Then let this ſoft, this Soul-enfeebling Band,
Theſe warbling Minſtrels quit the beggar'd Land.
They but a momentary Joy impart,
'Tis you, who touch the Soul, and warm the Heart.
How tempting do thy ſylvan Sports appear!
Ev'n wild Ambition might vouchſafe an Ear,
Might her fond Luſt of Pow'r a while compoſe,
And gladly change it for thy ſweet Repoſe.

No fierce, unruly Senates, threaten here,
No Axe, no Scaffold, to the View appear,
No Envy, Diſappointment, and Deſpair.
Here, bleſt Viciſſitude! whene'er you pleaſe,
You ſtep from Exerciſe to learned Eaſe;
Turn o'er each Claſſick Page, each Beauty trace,
The Mind unwearied in the pleaſing Chace.
Oh! would kind Heav'n ſuch Happineſs beſtow,
Let Fools, let Knaves, be Maſters here below.
Grandeur and Place, thoſe Baits to catch the Wiſe,
And all their pageant Train, I pity and deſpiſe.

J. TRACY.

THE

THE

CHACE.

A

POEM.

The ARGUMENT of the firſt Book.

THE Subject propoſed. Addreſs to his Royal Highneſs the Prince. The Origin of Hunting. The rude and unpoliſh'd Manner of the firſt Hunters. Beaſts at firſt hunted for Food and Sacrifice. The Grant made by God to Man of the Beaſts, &c. *The regular Manner of Hunting firſt brought into this Iſland by the* Normans. *The beſt Hounds and beſt Horſes bred here. The Advantage of this Exerciſe to us, as Iſlanders. Addreſs to Gentlemen of Eſtates. Situation of the Kennel and its ſeveral Courts. The Diverſion and Employment of Hounds in the Kennel. The different Sorts of Hounds for each different Chace. Deſcription of a perfect Hound. Of ſizing and ſorting of Hounds, the middle-ſized Hound recommended. Of the large deep-mouth'd Hound for hunting the Stag and Otter. Of the Lime Hound; their Uſe on the Borders of* England *and* Scotland. *A Phyſical Account of Scents. Of good and bad ſcenting Days. A ſhort Admonition to my Brethren of the Couples.*

THE

THE

CHACE.

A

POEM.

THE Chace I ſing, Hounds, and their various Breed,
And no leſs various Uſe. O thou Great Prince!
Whom *Cambria*'s tow'ring Hills proclaim their Lord,
Deign thou to hear my bold, inſtructive Song.
While grateful Citizens with pompous Shew,

Rear the triumphal Arch, rich with th' Exploits
Of thy illuſtrious Houſe; while Virgins pave
Thy Way with Flow'rs, and, as the Royal Youth
Paſſing they view, admire, and ſigh in vain;
While crowded Theatres, too fondly proud
Of their exotick Minſtrels, and ſhrill Pipes,
The Price of Manhood, hail thee with a Song,
And Airs ſoft-warbling; my hoarſe-ſounding Horn
Invites thee to the Chace, the Sport of Kings;
Image of War, without its Guilt. The Muſe
Aloft on Wing ſhall ſoar, conduct with Care
Thy foaming Courſer o'er the ſteepy Rock,
Or on the River Bank receive thee ſafe,
Light-bounding o'er the Wave, from Shore to Shore.
Be thou our great Protector, gracious Youth!
And if in future Times, ſome envious Prince,
Careleſs of Right and guileful, ſhou'd invade
Thy *Britain*'s Commerce, or ſhou'd ſtrive in vain

To

To wreſt the Balance from thy equal Hand;
Thy Hunter-Train, in chearful Green array'd,
(A Band undaunted, and inur'd to Toils,)
Shall compaſs thee around, dye at thy Feet,
Or hew thy Paſſage thro' th' embattled Foe,
And clear thy Way to Fame; inſpir'd by thee
The nobler Chace of Glory ſhall purſue
Thro' Fire, and Smoke, and Blood, and Fields of Death.

Nature, in her Productions ſlow, aſpires
By juſt Degrees to reach Perfection's Height:
So mimick Art works leiſurely, 'till Time
Improve the Piece, or wiſe Experience give
The proper Finiſhing. When *Nimrod* bold,
That mighty Hunter, firſt made War on Beaſts,
And ſtain'd the Wood-land Green with purple Dye,
New, and unpoliſh'd was the Huntſman's Art;

No ſtated Rule, his wanton Will his Guide.
With Clubs and Stones, rude Implements of War,
He arm'd his ſavage Bands, a Multitude
Untrain'd; of twining Oſiers form'd, they pitch
Their artleſs Toiles, then range the deſert Hills,
And ſcow'r the Plains below; the trembling Herd
Start at th'unuſual Sound, and clam'rous Shout
Unhear'd before; ſurpriz'd alaſs! to find
Man now their Foe, whom erſt they deem'd their Lord,
But mild and gentle, and by whom as yet
Secure they graz'd. Death ſtretches o'er the Plain
Wide-waſting, and grim Slaughter red with Blood;
Urg'd on by Hunger keen, they wound, they kill;
Their Rage licentious knows no bound; at laſt
Incumber'd with their Spoils, joyful they bear
Upon their Shoulders broad, the bleeding Prey.
Part on their Altars ſmokes a Sacrifice

To that all-gracious Pow'r, whoſe bounteous Hand
Supports his wide Creation; what remains
On living Coals they broil, inelegant
Of Taſte, nor ſkill'd as yet in nicer Arts
Of pamper'd Luxury. Devotion pure,
And ſtrong Neceſſity, thus firſt began
The Chace of Beaſts: Tho' bloody was the Deed,
Yet without Guilt. For the green Herb alone
Unequal to ſuſtain Man's lab'ring Race,
* Now ev'ry moving Thing that liv'd on Earth
Was granted him for Food. So juſt is Heav'n,
To give us in Proportion to our Wants.

Or Chance or Induſtry in After-Times
Some few Improvements made, but ſhort as yet
Of due Perfection. In this Iſle remote
Our painted Anceſtors were ſlow to learn,

* Gen. *chap.* ix. *ver.* 3.

To

To Arms devote, of the politer Arts
Nor ſkill'd nor ſtudious; 'till from *Neuſtria*'s Coaſts
Victorious *William*, to more decent Rules
Subdu'd our *Saxon* Fathers, taught to ſpeak
The proper Dialect, with Horn and Voice
To chear the buſy Hound, whoſe well-known Cry
His liſt'ning Peers approve with joint Acclaim.
From him ſucceſſive Huntſmen learn'd to join
In bloody ſocial Leagues, the Multitude
Diſpers'd, to ſize, to ſort their various Tribes,
To rear, feed, hunt, and diſcipline the Pack.

Hail, happy *Britain!* highly favour'd Iſle,
And Heav'n's peculiar Care! To thee 'tis giv'n
To train the ſprightly Steed, more fleet than thoſe
Begot by Winds, or the celeſtial Breed
That bore the great *Pelides* thro' the Preſs
Of Heroes arm'd, and broke their crowded Ranks;

Which

Which proudly neighing, with the Sun begins
Chearful his Courſe; and e'er his Beams decline,
Has meaſur'd half thy Surface unfatigued.
In thee alone, fair Land of Liberty!
Is bred the perfect Hound, in Scent and Speed
As yet unrivall'd, while in other Climes
Their Virtue fails, a weak degen'rate Race.
In vain malignant Steams, and Winter Fogs
Load the dull Air, and hover round our Coaſts,
The Huntſman ever gay, robuſt, and bold,
Defies the noxious Vapour, and confides
In this delightful Exercife, to raiſe
His drooping Herd, and cheer his Heart with Joy.

Ye vig'rous Youths, by ſmiling Fortune bleſt
With large Demeſnes, hereditary Wealth,
Heap'd copious by your wiſe Fore-Fathers Care,
Hear and attend! while I the Means reveal

T'enjoy

T'enjoy thoſe Pleaſures, for the Weak too ſtrong,
Too coſtly for the Poor: To rein the Steed
Swift-ſtretching o'er the Plain, to chear the Pack
Op'ning in Conſorts of harmonious Joy,
But breathing Death. What tho' the Gripe ſevere
Of brazen-fiſted Time, and ſlow Diſeaſe
Creeping thro' ev'ry Vein, and Nerve unſtrung,
Afflict my ſhatter'd Frame, undaunted ſtill,
Fix'd as a Mountain Aſh, that braves the Bolts
Of angry *Jove*; tho' blaſted, yet unfallen;
Still can my Soul in Fancy's Mirrour view
Deeds glorious once, recal the joyous Scene
In all its Splendors deck'd, o'er the full Bowl
Recount my Triumphs paſt, urge others on
With Hand and Voice, and point the winding Way:
Pleas'd with that ſocial ſweet Garrulity,
The poor diſbanded Vet'ran's ſole Delight.

First let the Kennel be the Huntſman's Care,
Upon ſome little Eminence erect,
And fronting to the ruddy Dawn; its Courts
On either Hand wide op'ning to receive
The Sun's all-chearing Beams, when mild he ſhines,
And gilds the Mountain Tops. For much the Pack
(Rous'd from their dark Alcoves) delight to ſtretch,
And baſk, in his invigorating Ray:
Warn'd by the ſtreaming Light, and merry Lark,
Forth ruſh the jolly Clan; with tuneful Throats
They carol loud, and in grand Chorus join'd
Salute the new-born Day. For not alone
The vegetable World, but Men and Brutes
Own his reviving Influence, and joy
At his Approach. Fountain of Light! if Chance
Some envious Cloud veil thy refulgent Brow,
In vain the Muſes aid, untouch'd, unſtrung,

Lies my mute Harp, and thy deſponding Bard
Sits darkly muſing o'er th' unfiniſh'd Lay.

Let no *Corinthian* Pillars prop the Dome,
A vain Expence, on charitable Deeds
Better diſpos'd, to cloath the tatter'd Wretch,
Who ſhrinks beneath the Blaſt, to feed the Poor
Pinch'd with afflictive Want: For Uſe, not State,
Gracefully plain, let each Apartment riſe.
O'er all let Cleanlineſs preſide, no Scraps
Beſtrew the Pavement, and no half-pick'd Bones,
To kindle fierce Debate, or to diſguſt
That nicer Senſe, on which the Sportſman's Hope,
And all his future Triumphs muſt depend.
Soon as the growling Pack with eager Joy
Have lapp'd their ſmoking Viands, Morn or Eve,
From the full Ciſtern lead the ductile Streams,
To waſh thy Court well-pav'd, nor ſpare thy Pains,

For

For much to Health will Cleanlineſs avail.
Seek'ſt thou for Hounds to climb the rocky Steep,
And bruſh th'entangled Covert, whoſe nice Scent
O'er greaſy Fallows, and frequented Roads
Can pick the dubious Way? Baniſh far off
Each noiſome Stench, let no offenſive Smell
Invade thy wide Incloſure, but admit
The nitrous Air, and purifying Breeze.

Water and Shade no leſs demand thy Care:
In a large Square th'adjacent Field incloſe,
There plant in equal Ranks the ſpreading Elm,
Or fragrant Lime; moſt happy thy Deſign,
If at the Bottom of thy ſpacious Court,
A large Canal fed by the cryſtal Brook,
From its tranſparent Boſom ſhall reflect
Thy downward Structure and inverted Grove.
Here when the Sun's too potent Gleams annoy

The crowded Kennel, and the drooping Pack
Reſtleſs and faint, loll their unmoiſten'd Tongues,
And drop their feeble Tails; to cooler Shades
Lead forth the panting Tribe; ſoon ſhalt thou find
The cordial Breeze their fainting Hearts revive:
Tumultuous ſoon they plunge into the Stream,
There lave their reeking Sides, with greedy Joy
Gulp down the flying Wave, this Way and that
From Shore to Shore they ſwim, while Clamour loud
And wild Uproar torments the troubled Flood:
Then on the ſunny Bank they roll and ſtretch
Their dripping Limbs, or elſe in wanton Rings
Courſing around, purſuing and purſu'd,
The merry Multitude diſporting play.

But here with watchful and obſervant Eye,
Attend their Frolicks, which too often end

In

In bloody Broils and Death. High o'er thy Head
Wave thy reſounding Whip, and with a Voice
Fierce-menacing o'er-rule the ſtern Debate,
And quench their kindling Rage; for oft in Sport
Begun, Combat enſues, growling they ſnarl,
Then on their Haunches rear'd, rampant they ſeize
Each others Throats, with Teeth, and Claws, in Gore
Beſmear'd, they wound, they tear, 'till on the Ground,
Panting, half dead the conquer'd Champion lies:
Then ſudden all the baſe ignoble Crowd
Loud-clam'ring ſeize the helpleſs worried Wretch,
And thirſting for his Blood, drag diff'rent Ways
His mangled Carcaſs on th'enſanguin'd Plain.
O Breaſts of Pity void! t'oppreſs the Weak,
To point your Vengeance at the friendleſs Head,

And with one mutual Cry inſult the Fall'n!
Emblem too juſt of Man's degen'rate Race.

Others apart by native Inſtinct led,
Knowing Inſtructor! 'mong the ranker Graſs
Cull each ſalubrious Plant, with bitter Juice
Concoctive ſtor'd, and potent to allay
Each vitious Ferment. Thus the Hand divine
Of Providence, beneficent and kind
To all his Creatures, for the Brutes preſcribes
A ready Remedy, and is himſelf
Their great Phyſician. Now grown ſtiff with Age,
And many a painful Chace, the wiſe old Hound
Regardleſs of the frolick Pack, attends
His Maſter's Side, or ſlumbers at his Eaſe
Beneath the bending Shade; there many a Ring
Runs o're in Dreams; now on the doubtful Foil
Puzzles perplex'd, or Doubles intricate

Cautious

Cautious unfolds, then wing'd with all his Speed,
Bounds o'er the Lawn to ſeize his panting Prey:
And in imperfect Whimp'rings ſpeaks his Joy.

A diff'rent Hound for ev'ry diff'rent Chace
Select with Judgment; nor the tim'rous Hare
O'er-match'd deſtroy, but leave that vile Offence
To the mean, murd'rous, courſing Crew; intent
On Blood and Spoil. O blaſt their Hopes, juſt Heav'n!
And all their painful Drudgeries repay
With Diſappointment and ſevere Remorſe.
But huſband thou thy Pleaſures, and give Scope
To all her ſubtle Play: By Nature led
A thouſand Shifts ſhe tries; t'unravel theſe
Th' induſtrious Beagle twiſts his waving Tail.
Thro' all her Labyrinths purſues, and rings

Her doleful Knell. See there with Count'nance blith,
And with a courtly grin, the fawning Hound
Salutes thee cow'ring, his wide op'ning Noſe
Upward he curls, and his large Sloe-black Eyes
Melt in ſoft Blandiſhments, and humble Joy;
His gloſſy Skin, or Yellow-pied, or Blue,
In Lights or Shades by Nature's Pencil drawn,
Reflects the various Tints; his Ears and Legs
Fleckt here and there, in gay enamel'd Pride,
Rival the ſpeckled Pard; his Ruſh-grown Tail
O'er his broad Back bends in an ample Arch;
On Shoulders clean, upright and firm he ſtands;
His round Cat Foot, ſtrait Hams, and wide-ſpread Thighs,
And his low-dropping Cheſt, confeſs his Speed,
His Strength, his Wind, or on the ſteepy Hill,
Or far extended Plain; in ev'ry Part

So

So well proportion'd, that the nicer Skill
Of *Phidias* himſelf can't blame thy Choice.
Of ſuch compoſe thy Pack. But here a Mean
Obſerve, nor the large Hound prefer, of Size
Gigantick; he in the thick-woven Covert
Painfully tugs, or in the thorny Brake
Torn and embarraſs'd bleeds: But if too ſmall,
The pigmy Brood in ev'ry Furrow ſwims;
Moil'd in the clogging Clay, panting they lag
Behind inglorious; or elſe ſhivering creep
Benumb'd and faint beneath the ſhelt'ring Thorn.
For Hounds of middle Size, active and ſtrong,
Will better anſwer all thy various Ends,
And crown thy pleaſing Labours with Succeſs.

As ſome brave Captain, curious and exact,
By his fix'd Standard forms in equal Ranks
His gay Battalion, as one Man they move

Step after Step, their Size the ſame, their Arms
Far-gleaming, dart the ſame united Blaze:
Reviewing Generals his Merit own;
How regular! How juſt! And all his Cares
Are well repaid, if mighty George approve.
So model thou thy Pack, if Honour touch
Thy gen'rous Soul, and the World's juſt Applauſe.
But above all take heed, nor mix thy Hounds
Of diff'rent Kinds; diſcordant Sounds ſhall grate
Thy Ears offended, and a lagging Line
Of babling Curs diſgrace thy broken Pack.
But if th'amphibious Otter be thy Chace,
Or ſtately Stag, that o'er the Woodland reigns;
Or if th' harmonious Thunder of the Field
Delight thy raviſh'd Ears; the deep-flew'd Hound
Breed up with Care, ſtrong, heavy, ſlow, but ſure;
Whoſe Ears down-hanging from his thick round Head

Shall

Shall ſweep the Morning Dew, whoſe clanging Voice
Awake the Mountain Echo in her Cell,
And ſhake the Foreſts: The bold Talbot Kind
Of theſe the Prime, as white as *Alpine* Snows;
And great their Uſe of old. Upon the Banks
Of *Tweed*, ſlow-winding thro' the Vale, the Seat
Of War and Rapine once, e'er *Britons* knew
The Sweets of Peace, or *Anna*'s dread Commands
To laſting Leagues the haughty Rivals aw'd,
There dwelt a pilf'ring Race; well-train'd and ſkill'd
In all the Myſteries of Theft, the Spoil
Their only Subſtance, Feuds and War their Sport:
Not more expert in ev'ry fraudfull Art
Th' Arch * Felon was of old, who by the Tail

* Cacus Virg. Æn. Lib. VIII.

Drew back his lowing Prize: In vain his Wiles,
In vain the Shelter of the cov'ring Rock,
In vain the ſooty Cloud, and ruddy Flames
That iſſu'd from his Mouth; for ſoon he paid
His forfeit Life: A Debt how juſtly due
To wrong'd *Alcides*, and avenging Heav'n!
Veil'd in the Shades of Night they ford the Stream,
Then proling far and near, whate'er they ſeize
Becomes their Prey; nor Flocks nor Herds are ſafe,
Nor Stalls protect the Steer, nor ſtrong barr'd Doors
Secure the fav'rite Horſe. Soon as the Morn
Reveals his Wrongs, with ghaſtly Viſage wan
The plunder'd Owner ſtands, and from his Lips
A thouſand thronging Curſes burſt their Way:
He calls his ſtout Allies, and in a Line
His faithful Hound he leads, then with a Voice
That utters loud his Rage, attentive chears:

Soon

Soon the ſagacious Brute, his curling Tail
Flouriſh'd in Air, low-bending plies around
His buſy Noſe, the ſteaming Vapour ſnuffs
Inquiſitive, nor leaves one Turf untried,
'Till conſcious of the recent Stains, his Heart
Beats quick; his ſnuffling Noſe, his active Tail
Atteſt his Joy; then with deep op'ning Mouth
That makes the Welkin tremble, he proclaims
Th'audacious Felon; Foot by Foot he marks
His winding Way, while all the liſt'ning Crowd
Applaud his Reaſ'nings. O'er the wat'ry Ford,
Dry ſandy Heaths, and ſtony barren Hills,
O'er beaten Paths, with Men and Beaſts diſtain'd,
Unerring he purſues; till at the Cot
Arriv'd, and ſeizing by his guilty Throat
The Caitif vile, redeems the captive Prey:
So exquiſitely delicate his Senſe!

Shou'd ſome more curious Sportſman here enquire,
Whence this Sagacity, this wond'rous Pow'r
Of tracing Step by Step, or Man or Brute?
What Guide inviſible points out their Way,
O'er the dank Marſh, bleak Hill, and ſandy Plain?
The courteous Muſe ſhall the dark Cauſe reveal.
The Blood that from the Heart inceſſant rolls
In many a crimſon Tide, then here and there
In ſmaller Rills diſparted, as it flows
Propell'd, the ſerous Particles evade
Thro' th'open Pores, and with the ambient Air
Entangling mix. As fuming Vapours riſe,
And hang upon the gently purling Brook,
There by th'incumbent Atmoſphere compreſs'd.
The panting Chace grows warmer as he flies,
And thro' the Net-work of the Skin perſpires;

Leaves

Leaves a long-ſtreaming Trail behind, which by
The cooler Air condens'd, remains, unleſs
By ſome rude Storm diſpers'd, or rarified
By the Meridian's Sun's intenſer Heat.
To ev'ry Shrub the warm Effluvia cling,
Hang on the Graſs, impregnate Earth and Skies.
With Noſtrils op'ning wide, o'er Hill, o'er Dale,
The vig'rous Hounds purſue, with ev'ry Breath
Inhale the grateful Steam, quick Pleaſures ſting
Their tingling Nerves, while they their Thanks repay,
And in triumphant Melody confeſs
The titillating Joy. Thus on the Air
Depend the Hunter's Hopes. When ruddy Streaks
At Eve forebode a bluſt'ring ſtormy Day,
Or low'ring Clouds blacken the Mountain's Brow,
When nipping Froſts, and the keen biting Blaſts
Of the dry parching Eaſt, menace the Trees

With

With tender Bloſſoms teeming, kindly ſpare
Thy ſleeping Pack, in their warm Beds of Straw
Low-ſinking at their Eaſe; liſtleſs they ſhrink
Into ſome dark Receſs, nor hear thy Voice
Tho' oft invok'd; or haply if thy Call
Rouze up the ſlumb'ring Tribe, with heavy Eyes
Glaz'd, lifeleſs, dull, downward they drop their Tails
Inverted; high on their bent Backs erect
Their pointed Briſtles ſtare, or 'mong the Tufts
Of ranker Weeds, each Stomach-healing Plant
Curious they crop, ſick, ſpiritleſs, forlorn.
Theſe inauſpicious Days, on other Cares
Employ thy precious Hours; th'improving Friend
With open Arms embrace, and from his Lips
Glean Science, ſeaſon'd with good-natur'd Wit.
But if th'inclement Skies, and angry *Jove*
Forbid the pleaſing Intercourſe, thy Books

Invite thy ready Hand, each ſacred Page
Rich with the wiſe Remarks of Heroes old.
Converſe familiar with th' illuſtrious Dead;
With great Examples of old *Greece* or *Rome*
Enlarge thy free-born Heart, and bleſs kind Heav'n,
That *Britain* yet enjoys dear Liberty,
That Balm of Life, that ſweeteſt Bleſſing, cheap
Tho' purchas'd with our Blood. Well-bred, polite,
Credit thy Calling. See! how mean, how low,
The bookleſs ſauntring Youth, proud of the Skut
That dignifies his Cap, his flouriſh'd Belt,
And ruſty Couples gingling by his Side.
Be thou of other Mold; and know that ſuch
Tranſporting Pleaſures, were by Heav'n ordain'd
Wiſdom's Relief, and Virtue's great Reward.

The ARGUMENT of the Second Book.

OF the Power of Inſtinct in Brutes. Two remarkable Inſtances in the Hunting of the Roebuck, and in the Hare going to Seat in the Morning. Of the Variety of Seats or Forms of the Hare, according to the Change of the Seaſon, Weather or Wind. Deſcription of the Hare-hunting in all its Parts, interſpers'd with Rules to be obſerv'd by thoſe who follow that Chace. Tranſition to the Aſiatick *Way of Hunting, particularly the magnificent Manner of the Great Mogul, and other* Tartarian *Princes, taken from Monſieur* Bernier, *and the Hiſtory of* Gengiſkan *the Great. Concludes with a ſhort Reproof of Tyrants and Oppreſſors of Mankind.*

BOOK

BOOK the Second.

NOR will it leſs delight th' attentive Sage
T'obſerve that Inſtinct, which unerring guides
The brutal Race, which mimicks Reaſon's Lore
And oft tranſcends: Heav'n-taught the Roe-buck ſwift
Loiters at Eaſe before the driving Pack,
And mocks their vain Purſuit, nor far he flies
But checks his Ardour, 'till the ſteaming Scent
That freſhens on the Blade, provokes their Rage.
Urg'd to their Speed, his weak deluded Foes
Soon flag fatigued; ſtrain'd to Exceſs each Nerve,

Each

Each ſlacken'd Sinew fails; they pant, they foam;
Then o'er the Lawn he bounds, o'er the high Hills
Stretches ſecure, and leaves the ſcatter'd Crowd
To puzzle in the diſtant Vale below.

'Tis Inſtinct that directs the jealous Hare
To chuſe her ſoft Abode: With Step revers'd
She forms the doubling Maze; then, e'er the Morn
Peeps thro' the Clouds, leaps to her cloſe Receſs.

As wand'ring Shepherds on th' *Arabian* Plains
No ſettled Reſidence obſerve, but ſhift
Their moving Camp, now, on ſome cooler Hill
With Cedars crown'd, court the refreſhing Breeze;
And then, below, where trickling Streams diſtill
From ſome penurious Source, their Thirſt allay,
And feed their fainting Flocks: So the wiſe Hares
Oft quit their Seats, leſt ſome more curious Eye

Shou'd

Shou'd mark their Haunts, and by dark treach'rous Wiles
Plot their Deſtruction; or perchance in hopes
Of plenteous Forage, near the ranker Mead,
Or matted Blade, wary, and cloſe they ſit.
When Spring ſhines forth, Seaſon of Love and Joy,
In the moiſt Marſh, 'mong Beds of Ruſhes hid,
They cool their boiling Blood: When Summer Suns
Bake the cleft Earth, to thick wide-waving Fields
Of Corn full-grown, they lead their helpleſs young:
But when autumnal Torrents, and fierce Rains
Deluge the Vale, in the dry crumbling Bank
Their Forms they delve, and cautiouſly avoid
The dripping Covert: Yet when Winter's Cold
Their Limbs benumbs, thither with Speed return'd
In the long Graſs they ſkulk, or ſhrinking creep
Among the wither'd Leaves, thus changing ſtill,
As Fancy prompts them, or as Food invites.

But ev'ry Seaſon carefully obſerv'd,
Th'inconſtant Winds, the fickle Element,
The wiſe experienc'd Huntſman ſoon may find
His ſubtle, various Game, nor waſte in vain
His tedious Hours, 'till his impatient Hounds
With Diſappointment vex'd, each ſpringing Lark
Babbling purſue, far ſcatter'd o'er the Fields.

Now golden Autumn from her open Lap
Her fragrant Bounties ſhow'rs; the Fields are ſhorn;
Inwardly ſmiling, the proud Farmer views
The riſing Pyramids that grace his Yard,
And counts his large Increaſe; his Barns are ſtor'd,
And groaning Staddles bend beneath their Load.
All now is free as Air, and the gay Pack
In the rough briſtly Stubbles range unblam'd;
No Widow's Tears o'erflow, no ſecret Curſe
Swells in the Farmer's Breaſt, which his pale Lips

Trembling

Trembling conceal, by his fierce Landlord aw'd:
But courteous now he levels ev'ry Fence,
Joins in the common Cry, and hollows loud,
Charm'd with the rattling Thunder of the Field.
Oh bear me, ſome kind Pow'r inviſible!
To that extended Lawn, where the gay Court
View the ſwift Racers, ſtretching to the Goal;
Games more renown'd, and a far nobler Train,
Than proud *Elean* Fields could boaſt of old.
Oh! were a *Theban* Lyre not wanting here,
And *Pindar*'s Voice, to do their Merit right!
Or to thoſe ſpacious Plains, where the ſtrain'd Eye
In the wide Proſpect loſt, beholds at laſt
Sarum's proud Spire, that o'er the Hills aſcends,
And pierces through the Clouds. Or to thy Downs,
Fair *Cotſwold*, where the well-breath'd Beagle climbs,

With matchleſs Speed, thy green aſpiring Brow,
And leaves the lagging Multitude behind.

Hail, gentle Dawn! Mild bluſhing Goddeſs, hail!
Rejoic'd I ſee thy purple Mantle ſpread
O'er half the Skies, Gems pave thy radiant Way,
And orient Pearls from ev'ry Shrub depend.
Farewel, *Cleora*; here deep ſunk in Down
Slumber ſecure, with happy Dreams amus'd,
'Till grateful Steams ſhall tempt thee to receive
Thy early Meal, or thy officious Maids,
The Toilet plac'd, ſhall urge thee to perform
Th'important Work. Me other Joys invite,
The Horn ſonorous calls, the Pack awak'd
Their Mattins chant, nor brook my long Delay.
My Courſer hears their Voice; ſee there with Ears
And Tail erect, neighing he paws the Ground;
Fierce Rapture kindles in his red'ning Eyes,

And

And boils in ev'ry Vein. As captive Boys
Cow'd by the ruling Rod, and haughty Frowns
Of Pedagogues ſevere, from their hard Taſks
If once diſmiſs'd, no Limits can contain
The Tumult rais'd, within their little Breaſts,
But give a Looſe to all their frolick Play:
So from their Kennel ruſh the joyous Pack;
A thouſand wanton Gayeties expreſs
Their inward Extaſy, their pleaſing Sport
Once more indulg'd, and Liberty reſtor'd.
The riſing Sun that o'er th'Horizon peeps,
As many Colours from their gloſſy Skins
Beaming reflects, as paint the various Bow
When *April* Show'rs deſcend. Delightful Scene!
Where all around is gay, Men, Horſes, Dogs,
And in each ſmiling Countenance appears
Freſh-blooming Health, and univerſal Joy.

Huntsman, lead on! behind the cluſt'ring Pack
Submiſs attend, hear with reſpect thy Whip
Loud-clanging, and thy harſher Voice obey:
Spare not the ſtraggling Cur, that wildly roves;
But let thy briſk Aſſiſtant on his Back
Imprint thy juſt Reſentments; let each Laſh
Bite to the Quick, 'till howling he return
And whining creep amid the trembling Crowd.

Here on this verdant Spot, where Nature kind,
With double Bleſſings crowns the Farmer's Hopes;
Where Flow'rs autumnal Spring, and the rank Mead
Affords the wand'ring Hares a rich Repaſt;
Throw off thy ready Pack. See, where they ſpread
And range around, and daſh the glitt'ring Dew,
If ſome ſtanch Hound, with his authentick Voice,

Avow

Avow the recent Trail, the juſtling Tribe
Attend his Call, then with one mutual Cry,
The welcome News confirm, and echoing Hills
Repeat the pleaſing Tale. See how they thread
The Brakes, and up yon Furrow drive along!
But quick they back recoil, and wiſely check
Their eager Haſte; then o'er the fallow'd Ground
How leiſurely they work, and many a Pauſe
Th'harmonious Conſort breaks; 'till more aſſur'd
With Joy redoubled the low Vallies ring.
What artful Labyrinths perplex their Way!
Ah! there ſhe lies; how cloſe! ſhe pants, ſhe doubts
If now ſhe lives; ſhe trembles as ſhe ſits,
With Horror ſeiz'd. The wither'd Graſs that clings
Around her Head, of the ſame ruſſet Hue
Almoſt deceiv'd my Sight, had not her Eyes
With Life full-beaming her vain Wiles betray'd.
At Diſtance draw thy Pack, let all be huſh'd,

No Clamour loud, no frantick Joy be heard,
Leſt the wild Hound run gadding o'er the Plain
Untractable, nor hear thy chiding Voice.
Now gently put her off; ſee how direct
To her known Muſe ſhe flies! Here, Huntſman, bring
(But without hurry) all thy jolly Hounds,
And calmly lay them in. How low they ſtoop,
And ſeem to plough the Ground! then all at once
With greedy Noſtrils ſnuff the fuming Steam
That glads their flutt'ring Hearts. As Winds let looſe
From the dark Caverns of the bluſt'ring God,
They burſt away, and ſweep the dewy Lawn.
Hope gives them Wings, while ſhe's ſpur'd on by Fear.
The Welkin rings, Men, Dogs, Hills, Rocks, and Woods
In the full Conſort join. Now, my brave Youths,
Stripp'd for the Chace, give all your Souls to Joy!

See how their Courſers, than the Mountain Roe
More fleet, the verdant Carpet ſkim, thick Clouds
Snorting they breath, their ſhining Hoofs ſcarce print
The Graſs unbruis'd; with Emulation fir'd
They ſtrain to lead the Field, top the barr'd Gate,
O'er the deep Ditch exulting bound, and bruſh
The thorny-twining Hedge: The Riders bend
O'er their arch'd Necks; with ſteddy Hands, by turns
Indulge their Speed, or moderate their Rage.
Where are their Sorrows, Diſappointments, Wrongs,
Vexations, Sickneſs, Cares? All, all are gone,
And with the panting Winds lag far behind.

HUNTSMAN! her Gate obſerve, if in wide Rings
She wheel her mazy Way, in the ſame Round
Perſiſting ſtill, ſhe'll foil the beaten Track.

But

But if ſhe fly, and with the fav'ring Wind
Urge her bold Courſe; leſs intricate thy Taſk:
Puſh on thy Pack. Like ſome poor exil'd Wretch
The frighted Chace leaves her late dear Abodes,
O'er Plains remote ſhe ſtretches far away,
Ah! never to return! For greedy Death
Hov'ring exults, ſecure to ſeize his Prey.

Hark! from yon Covert, where thoſe tow'ring Oaks
Above the humble Copſe aſpiring riſe,
What glorious Triumphs burſt in ev'ry Gale
Upon our raviſh'd Ears! The Hunters ſhout,
The clanging Horns ſwell their ſweet-winding Notes,
The Pack wide-op'ning load the trembling Air
With various Melody; from Tree to Tree
The propagated Cry, redoubling bounds,
And winged Zephyrs waft the floating Joy
Thro'

Thro' all the Regions near: Afflictive Birch
No more the School-boy dreads, his Priſon broke,
Scamp'ring he flies, nor heeds his Maſter's Call;
The weary Traveller forgets his Road,
And climbs th' adjacent Hill; the Ploughman leaves
Th' unfiniſh'd Furrow; nor his bleating Flocks
Are now the Shepherd's Joy; Men, Boys, and Girls
Deſert th' unpeopled Village; and wild Crowds
Spread o'er the Plain, by the ſweet Frenzy ſeiz'd.
Look, how ſhe pants! and o'er yon op'ning Glade
Slips glancing by; while, at the further End,
The puzzling Pack unravel Wile by Wile
Maze within Maze. The Covert's utmoſt Bound
Slily ſhe ſkirts; behind them cautious creeps,
And in that very Track, ſo lately ſtain'd
By all the ſteaming Crowd, ſeems to purſue
The Foe ſhe flies. Let Cavillers deny
That Brutes have Reaſon; ſure 'tis ſomething more,

'Tis

'Tis Heav'n directs, and Stratagems inſpires,
Beyond the ſhort Extent of human Thought.
But hold —— I ſee her from the Covert break;
Sad on yon little Eminence ſhe ſits;
Intent ſhe liſtens with one Ear erect,
Pond'ring, and doubtful what new Courſe to take,
And how t'eſcape the fierce blood-thirſty Crew,
That ſtill urge on, and ſtill in Vollies loud,
Inſult her Woes, and mock her ſore Diſtreſs.
As now in louder Peals, the loaded Winds
Bring on the gath'ring Storm, her Fears prevail;
And o'er the Plain, and o'er the Mountain's Ridge,
Away ſhe flies; nor Ships with Wind and Tide,
And all their Canvas Wings ſkud half ſo faſt.
Once more, ye jovial Train, your Courage try,
And each clean Courſer's Speed. We ſcour along,
In pleaſing Hurry and Confuſion toſt;
Oblivion to be wiſh'd. The patient Pack

Hang

Hang on the Scent unweary'd, up they climb,
And ardent we purſue; our lab'ring Steeds
We preſs, we gore; till once the Summit gain'd,
Painfully panting, there we breath awhile;
Then like a foaming Torrent, pouring down
Precipitant, we ſmoke along the Vale.
Happy the Man, who with unrival'd Speed
Can paſs his Fellows, and with Pleaſure view
The ſtruggling Pack; how in the rapid Courſe
Alternate they preſide, and juſtling puſh
To guide the dubious Scent; how giddy Youth
Oft babbling errs, by wiſer Age reprov'd;
How niggard of his Strength, the wiſe old Hound
Hangs in the Rear, 'till ſome important Point
Rouſe all his Diligence, or 'till the Chace
Sinking he finds; then to the Head he ſprings
With Thirſt of Glory fir'd, and wins the Prize.
Huntſman, take heed; they ſtop in full career.

Yon crowding Flocks, that at a Diſtance gaze,
Have haply foil'd the Turf. See! that old Hound,
How buſily he works, but dares not truſt
His doubtful Senſe; draw yet a wider Ring.
Hark! now again the Chorus fills. As Bells
Sally'd a while at once their Peal renew,
And high in Air the tuneful Thunder rolls.
See, how they toſs, with animated Rage
Recov'ring all they loſt! —— That eager Haſte
Some doubling Wile foreſhews. —— Ah! yet once more
They're check'd, ——hold back with Speed —— on either Hand
They flouriſh round —— ev'n yet perſiſt —— 'Tis right,
Away they ſpring; the ruſtling Stubbles bend
Beneath the driving Storm. Now the poor Chace
Begins to flag, to her laſt Shifts reduc'd.

From

From Brake to Brake ſhe flies, and viſits all
Her well-known Haunts, where once ſhe rang'd ſecure,
With Love and Plenty bleſt. See! there ſhe goes,
She reels along, and by her Gate betrays
Her inward Weakneſs. See, how black ſhe looks!
The Sweat that clogs th' obſtructed Pores, ſcarce leaves
A languid Scent. And now in open View
See, ſee, ſhe flies! each eager Hound exerts
His utmoſt Speed, and ſtretches ev'ry Nerve.
How quick ſhe turns! their gaping Jaws eludes,
And yet a Moment lives; 'till round inclos'd
By all the greedy Pack, with infant Screams
She yields her Breath, and there reluctant dies.
So when the furious *Bacchanals* aſſail'd
Threician Orpheus, poor ill-fated Bard!

Loud

Loud was the Cry, Hills, Woods, and *Hebrus'*
Banks,
Return'd their clam'rous Rage; diſtreſs'd he flies,
Shifting from Place to Place, but flies in vain;
For eager they purſue, 'till panting, faint,
By noiſy Multitudes o'erpower'd, he ſinks,
To the relentleſs Crowd a bleeding Prey.

The Huntſman now, a deep Inciſion made,
Shakes out with Hands impure, and daſhes down
Her reeking Entrails, and yet quiv'ring Heart.
Theſe claim the Pack, the bloody Perquiſite
For all their Toils. Stretch'd on the Ground ſhe
lies,
A mangled Coarſe; in her dim glaring Eyes
Cold Death exults, and ſtiffens ev'ry Limb.
Aw'd by the threat'ning Whip, the furious Hounds
Around her Bay; or at their Maſter's Foot,

Each

Each happy Fav'rite courts his kind Applauſe,
With humble Adulation cow'ring low.
All now is Joy. With Cheeks full-blown they wind
Her ſolemn Dirge, while the loud-op'ning Pack
The Concert ſwell, and Hills and Dales return
The ſadly-pleaſing Sounds. Thus the poor Hare,
A puny, daſtard Animal, but vers'd
In ſubtle Wiles, diverts the youthful Train.
But if thy proud, aſpiring Soul diſdains
So mean a Prey, delighted with the Pomp,
Magnificence and Grandeur of the Chace;
Hear what the Muſe from faithful Records ſings.

WHY on the Banks of *Gemna*, *Indian* Stream,
Line within Line, riſe the Pavilions proud,
Their ſilken Streamers waving in the Wind?

Why neighs the warrior Horſe? From Tent to Tent,
Why preſs in Crowds the buzzing Multitude?
Why ſhines the poliſh'd Helm, and pointed Lance,
This Way and that far-beaming o'er the Plain?
Nor *Viſapour* nor *Golconda* rebel;
Nor the great Sophy, with his num'rous Hoſt
Lays waſte the Provinces; nor Glory fires
To rob, and to deſtroy, beneath the Name
And ſpecious Guiſe of War. A nobler Cauſe
Calls *Aurengzebe* to Arms. No Cities ſack'd,
No Mother's Tears, no helpleſs Orphan's Cries,
No violated Leagues, with ſharp Remorſe
Shall ſting the conſcious Victor: But Mankind
Shall hail him good and juſt. For 'tis on Beaſts
He draws his vengeful Sword; on Beaſts of Prey
Full-fed with humane Gore. See, ſee, he comes!
Imperial *Dehli* op'ning wide her Gates,

Pours

Pours out her thronging Legions, bright in Arms,
And all the Pomp of War. Before them ſound
Clarions and Trumpets, breathing martial Airs,
And bold Defiance. High upon his Throne,
Born on the Back of his proud Elephant,
Sits the great Chief of *Tamur*'s glorious Race:
Sublime he ſits, amid the radiant Blaze
Of Gems and Gold. *Omrahs* about him crowd,
And rein th'*Arabian* Steed, and watch his Nod:
And potent *Rajahs*, who themſelves preſide
O'er Realms of wide Extent; but here ſubmiſs
Their Homage pay, alternate Kings and Slaves.
Next theſe with prying Eunuchs girt around,
The fair Sultanas of his Court; a Troop
Of choſen Beauties, but with Care conceal'd
From each intruſive Eye; one Look is Death.
Ah cruel *Eaſtern* Law! (had Kings a Pow'r
But equal to their wild tyrannick Will)

To rob us of the Sun's all-chearing Ray,
Were leſs ſevere. The Vulgar cloſe the March,
Slaves and Artificers; and *Dehli* mourns
Her empty and depopulated Streets.
Now at the Camp arriv'd, with ſtern Review,
Thro' Groves of Spears, from File to File, he darts
His ſharp experienc'd Eye; their Order marks,
Each in his Station rang'd, exact and firm,
'Till in the boundleſs Line his Sight is loſt.
Not greater Multitudes in Arms appear'd,
On theſe extended Plains, when *Ammon's* Son
With mighty *Porus* in dread Battle join'd,
The Vaſſal World the Prize. Nor was that Hoſt
More numerous of old, which the great * King
Pour'd out on *Greece* from all th'unpeopled Eaſt;
That bridg'd the *Helleſpont* from Shore to Shore,
And drank the Rivers dry. Mean while in Troops

* *Xerxes.*

The

The buſy Hunter-Train mark out the Ground,
A wide Circumference; full many a League
In Compaſs round; Woods, Rivers, Hills, and
Plains,
Large Provinces; enough to gratify
Ambition's higheſt Aim, could Reaſon bound
Man's erring Will. Now ſit in cloſe Divan
The mighty Chiefs of this prodigious Hoſt.
He from the Throne high-eminent preſides,
Gives out his Mandates proud, Laws of the Chace,
From ancient Records drawn. With Rev'rence low,
And proſtrate at his Feet, the Chiefs receive
His irreverſible Decrees, from which
To vary, is to die. Then his brave Bands
Each to his Station leads; encamping round,
'Till the wide Circle is compleatly form'd.
Where decent Order reigns, what theſe command,
Thoſe execute with Speed, and punctual Care;

In all the ſtricteſt Diſcipline of War:
As if ſome watchful Foe, with bold Inſult
Hung low'ring o'er their Camp. The high Reſolve,
That flies on Wings, thro' all th'encircling Line,
Each Motion ſteers, and animates the whole.
So by the Sun's attractive Pow'r controll'd,
The Planets in their Spheres roll round his Orb,
On all he ſhines, and rules the great Machine.

E'er yet the Morn diſpels the fleeting Miſts,
The Signal giv'n by the loud Trumpet's Voice,
Now high in Air, th'Imperial Standard waves,
Emblazon'd rich with Gold, and glitt'ring Gems;
And like a Sheet of Fire, thro' the dun Gloom
Streaming meteorous. The Soldiers Shouts,
And all the brazen Inſtruments of War,
With mutual Clamour, and united Din,

Fill

Fill the large Concave. While from Camp to Camp,
They catch the varied Sounds, floating in Air.
Round all the wide Circumference, Tygers fell
Shrink at the Noiſe, deep in his gloomy Den
The Lion ſtarts, and Morſels yet unchew'd
Drop from his trembling Jaws. Now all at once
Onward they march embattled, to the Sound
Of martial Harmony; Fifes, Cornets, Drums,
That rouſe the ſleepy Soul to Arms, and bold
Heroick Deeds. In Parties here and there
Detach'd o'er Hill and Dale, the Hunters range
Inquiſitive; ſtrong Dogs that match in Fight
The boldeſt Brute, around their Maſters wait,
A faithful Guard. No Haunt unſearch'd, they drive
From ev'ry Covert, and from ev'ry Den,
The lurking Savages. Inceſſant Shouts
Re-echo thro' the Woods, and kindling Fire

Gleam from the Mountain Tops; the Foreſt ſeems
One mingling Blaze: Like Flocks of Sheep they fly
Before the flaming Brand: Fierce Lions, Pards,
Boars, Tygers, Bears, and Wolves; a dreadful Crew
Of grim blood-thirſty Foes: growling along,
They ſtalk indignant; but fierce Vengeance ſtill
Hangs pealing on their Rear, and pointed Spears
Preſent immediate Death. Soon as the Night
Wrapt in her ſable Veil forbids the Chace,
They pitch their Tents, in even Ranks, around
The circling Camp. The Guards are plac'd, and Fires
At proper Diſtances aſcending riſe,
And paint th'Horizon with their ruddy Light.
So round ſome Iſland's Shore of large Extent,
Amid the gloomy Horrors of the Night,
The Billows breaking on the pointed Rocks,

Seem

Seem all one Flame, and the bright Circuit wide
Appears a Bulwark of ſurrounding Fire.
What dreadful Howlings, and what hideous Roar,
Diſturb thoſe peaceful Shades! where erſt the Bird
That glads the Night, had chear'd the liſt'ning Groves
With ſweet Complainings. Thro' the ſilent Gloom
Oft they the Guards aſſail; as oft repell'd
They fly reluctant, with hot-boiling Rage
Stung to the Quick, and mad with wild Deſpair.
Thus Day by Day, they ſtill the Chace renew;
At Night encamp; 'till now in ſtreighter Bounds
The Circle leſſens, and the Beaſts perceive
The Wall that hems them in on ev'ry Side,
And now their Fury burſts, and knows no Mean;
From Man they turn, and point their ill-judg'd Rage
Againſt their fellow Brutes. With Teeth and Claws
The Civil War begins; grapling they tear.

Lions

Lions on Tygers prey, and Bears on Wolves:
Horrible Diſcord! 'Till the Crowd behind
Shouting purſue, and part the bloody Fray.
At once their Wrath ſubſides; tame as the Lamb
The Lion hangs his Head, the furious Pard,
Cow'd and ſubdu'd, flies from the Face of Man,
Nor bears one Glance of his commanding Eye.
So abject is a Tyrant in Diſtreſs.

At laſt within the narrow Plain confin'd,
A liſted Field, mark'd out for bloody Deeds,
An Amphitheatre more glorious far
Than ancient *Rome* cou'd boaſt, they crowd in heaps,
Diſmay'd, and quite appall'd. In meet Array
Sheath'd in refulgent Arms, a noble Band
Advance; great Lords of high imperial Blood,
Early reſolv'd t'aſſert their Royal Race,
And prove by glorious Deeds their Valour's Growth
Mature,

Mature, e'er yet the callow Down has ſpread
Its curling Shade. On bold *Arabian* Steeds
With decent Pride they ſit, that fearleſs hear
The Lion's dreadful Roar; and down the Rock
Swift-ſhooting plunge, or o'er the Mountain's Ridge
Stretching along, the greedy Tyger leave
Panting behind. On Foot their faithful Slaves
With Javelins arm'd attend; each watchful Eye
Fix'd on his youthful Care, for him alone
He fears, and to redeem his Life, unmov'd
Wou'd loſe his own. The mighty *Aurengzebe*,
From his high-elevated Throne, beholds
His blooming Race; revolving in his Mind
What once he was, in his gay Spring of Life,
When Vigour ſtrung his Nerves. Parental Joy
Melts in his Eyes, and fluſhes in his Cheeks.
Now the loud Trumpet ſounds a Charge. The Shouts
Of eager Hoſts, thro' all the circling Line,

And

And the wild Howlings of the Beaſts within
Rend wide the Welkin, Flights of Arrows, wing'd
With Death, and Javelins lanc'd from ev'ry Arm,
Gall ſore the brutal Bands, with many a Wound
Gor'd thro' and thro'. Deſpair at laſt prevails,
When fainting Nature ſhrinks, and rouſes all
Their drooping Courage. Swell'd with furious Rage,
Their Eyes dart Fire; and on the youthful Band
They ruſh implacable. They their broad Shields
Quick interpoſe; on each devoted Head
Their flaming Falchions, as the Bolts of *Jove*,
Deſcend unerring. Proſtrate on the Ground
The grinning Monſters lye, and their foul Gore
Defiles the verdant Plain. Nor idle ſtand
The truſty Slaves; with pointed Spears they pierce
Thro' their tough Hides; or at their gaping Mouths
An eaſier Paſſage find. The King of Brutes
In broken Roarings breaths his laſt; the Bear

Grumbles

Grumbles in Death; nor can his ſpotted Skin,
Tho' ſlick it ſhine, with varied Beauties gay,
Save the proud Pard from unrelenting Fate.
The Battle bleeds, grim Slaughter ſtrides along,
Glutting her greedy Jaws, grins o'er her Prey.
Men, Horſes, Dogs, fierce Beaſts of ev'ry kind,
A ſtrange promiſcuous Carnage, drench'd in Blood,
And Heaps on Heaps amaſs'd. What yet remain
Alive, with vain Aſſault contend to break
Th' impenetrable Line. Others, whom Fear
Inſpires with ſelf-preſerving Wiles, beneath
The Bodies of the Slain for Shelter creep.
Aghaſt they fly, or hide their Heads diſpers'd.
And now perchance (had Heav'n but pleas'd) the Work
Of Death had been compleat; and *Aurengzebe*
By one dread Frown extinguiſh'd half their Race.
When lo! the bright Sultanas of his Court

Appear

Appear, and to his raviſh'd Eyes diſplay
Thoſe Charms, but rarely to the Day reveal'd.

Lowly they bend, and humbly ſue, to ſave
The vanquiſh'd Hoſt. What Mortal can deny
When ſuppliant Beauty begs? At his Command
Op'ning to Right and Left, the well-train'd Troops
Leave a large Void for their retreating Foes.
Away they fly, on Wings of Fear upborn,
To ſeek on diſtant Hills their late Abodes.

Ye proud Oppreſſors, whoſe vain Hearts exult
In Wantonneſs of Pow'r, 'gainſt the brute Race,
Fierce Robbers like your ſelves, a guiltleſs War
Wage uncontroll'd: Here quench your Thirſt of Blood;
But learn from *Aurengzebe* to ſpare Mankind.

The ARGUMENT of the Third Book.

OF *King* Edgar *and his impoſing a Tribute of Wolves Heads upon the Kings of* Wales: *From hence a Tranſition to Fox-Hunting, which is deſcribed in all its Parts. Cenſure of an over-numerous Pack. Of the ſeveral Engines to deſtroy Foxes, and other Wild Beaſts. The Steel-Trap deſcribed, and the Manner of uſing it. Deſcription of the Pitfall for the Lion; and another for the Elephant. The ancient Way of Hunting the Tyger with a Mirror. The* Arabian *Manner of Hunting the Wild Boar. Deſcription of the Royal Stag-Chace at* Windſor *Foreſt. Concludes with an Addreſs to his Majeſty, and an Eulogy upon Mercy.*

BOOK

BOOK the Third.

IN *Albion*'s Iſle when glorious *Edgar* reign'd.
He wiſely provident, from her white Cliffs
Launch'd half her Foreſts, and with num'rous Fleets
Cover'd his wide Domain: There proudly rode
Lord of the Deep, the great Prerogative
Of *Britiſh* Monarchs. Each Invader bold,
Dane and *Norwegian*, at a Diſtance gaz'd,
And diſappointed, gnaſh'd his Teeth in vain.
He ſcour'd the Seas, and to remoteſt Shores
With ſwelling Sails the trembling Corſair fled.
Rich Commerce flouriſh'd; and with buſy Oars
Daſh'd

Daſh'd the reſounding Surge. Nor leſs at Land
His royal Cares; wiſe, potent, gracious Prince!
His Subjects from their cruel Foes he ſav'd,
And from rapacious Savages their Flocks.
Cambria's proud Kings (tho' with Reluctance) paid
Their tributary Wolves; Head after Head,
In full Account, 'till the Woods yield no more,
And all the rav'nous Race extinct is loſt.
In fertile Paſtures, more ſecurely graz'd
The ſocial Troops; and ſoon their large Increaſe
With curling Fleeces whiten'd all the Plains.
But yet alas! the wily Fox remain'd,
A ſubtle, pilf'ring Foe, proling around
In Midnight Shades, and wakeful to deſtroy.
In the full Fold, the poor defenceleſs Lamb,
Seiz'd by his guileful Arts, with ſweet warm Blood
Supplies a rich Repaſt. The mournful Ewe,
Her deareſt Treaſure loſt, thro' the dun Night

Wanders perplex'd, and darkling bleats in vain:
While in th'adjacent Buſh, poor *Philomel*,
(Her ſelf a Parent once, 'till wanton Churls
Deſpoil'd her Neſt) joins in her loud Laments,
With ſweeter Notes, and more melodious Woe.

For theſe nocturnal Thieves, Huntſman, prepare
Thy ſharpeſt Vengeance. Oh! how glorious 'tis
To right th'oppreſs'd, and bring the Felon vile
To juſt Diſgrace! E'er yet the Morning peep,
Or Stars retire from the firſt Bluſh of Day,
With thy far echoing Voice alarm thy Pack,
And rouſe thy bold Compeers. Then to the Copſe,
Thick with entangling Graſs, or prickly Furze
With Silence lead thy many-colour'd Hounds,
In all their Beauty's Pride. See! how they range
Diſpers'd, how buſily this Way and that,
They croſs, examining with curious Noſe

Each

Each likely Haunt. Hark! on the Drag I hear
Their doubtful Notes, preluding to a Cry
More nobly full, and ſwell'd with ev'ry Mouth.
As ſtraggling Armies, at the Trumpet's Voice,
Preſs to their Standard; hither all repair,
And hurry thro' the Woods; with haſty Step
Ruſtling, and full of Hope; now driv'n on Heaps
They puſh, they ſtrive; while from his Kennel ſneaks
The conſcious Villain. See! he ſkulks along,
Slick at the Shepherd's Coſt, and plump with Meals
Purloin'd. So thrive the Wicked here below.
Tho' high his Bruſh he bear, tho' tipt with white
It gaily ſhine; yet e're the Sun declin'd
Recall the Shades of Night, the pamper'd Rogue
Shall rue his Fate revers'd; and at his Heels
Behold the juſt Avenger, ſwift to ſeize
His forfeit Head, and thirſting for his Blood.

Heavens! what melodious Strains! how beat our Hearts
Big with tumultuous Joy! the loaded Gales
Breath Harmony; and as the Tempeſt drives
From Wood to Wood, thro' ev'ry dark Receſs
The Foreſt thunders, and the Mountains ſhake.
The Chorus ſwells; leſs various, and leſs ſweet
The trilling Notes, when in thoſe very Groves,
The feather'd Choriſters ſalute the Spring,
And ev'ry Buſh in Conſort joins; or when
The Maſter's Hand, in modulated Air,
Bids the loud Organ breath, and all the Pow'rs
Of Muſick in one Inſtrument combine,
An univerſal Minſtrelſy. And now
In vain each Earth he tries, the Doors are barr'd
Impregnable, nor is the Covert ſafe;
He pants for purer Air. Hark! what loud Shouts

Re-echo

Re-echo thro' the Groves! he breaks away,
Shrill Horns proclaim his Flight. Each ſtraggling Hound
Strains o'er the Lawn to reach the diſtant Pack.
'Tis Triumph all and Joy. Now, my brave Youths,
Now give a looſe to the clean gen'rous Steed;
Flouriſh the Whip, nor ſpare the galling Spur;
But in the Madneſs of Delight, forget
Your Fears. Far o'er the rocky Hills we range,
And dangerous our Courſe; but in the Brave
True Courage never fails. In vain the Stream
In foaming Eddies whirls; in vain the Ditch
Wide-gaping threatens Death. The craggy Steep
Where the poor dizzy Shepherd crawls with Care,
And clings to ev'ry Twig, gives us no Pain;
But down we ſweep, as ſtoops the Falcon bold
To pounce his Prey. Then up th'opponent Hill,
By the ſwift Motion ſlung, we mount aloft

So Ships in Winter-Seas now ſliding ſink
Adown the ſteepy Wave, then toſs'd on high
Ride on the Billows, and defy the Storm.

What Lengths we paſs! where will the wand'ring Chace
Lead us bewilder'd! ſmooth as Swallows ſkim
The new-ſhorn Mead, and far more ſwift we fly.
See my brave Pack; how to the Head they preſs,
Juſtling in cloſe Array, then more diffuſe
Obliquely wheel, while from their op'ning Mouths
The vollied Thunder breaks. So when the Cranes
Their annual Voyage ſteer, with wanton Wing
Their Figure oft they change, and their loud Clang
From Cloud to Cloud rebounds. How far behind
The Hunter-Crew, wide-ſtraggling o'er the Plain!
The panting Courſer now with trembling Nerves
Begins to reel; urg'd by the goreing Spur,

Makes

Makes many a faint Effort: He ſnorts, he foams,
The big round Drops run trickling down his Sides,
With Sweat and Blood diſtain'd. Look back and view
The ſtrange Confuſion of the Vale below,
Where ſow'r Vexation reigns; ſee yon poor Jade,
In vain th'impatient Rider frets and ſwears,
With galling Spurs harrows his mangled Sides;
He can no more: His ſtiff unpliant Limbs
Rooted in Earth, unmov'd, and fix'd he ſtands,
For ev'ry cruel Curſe returns a Groan,
And ſobs, and faints, and dies. Who without Grief
Can view that pamper'd Steed, his Maſter's Joy,
His Minion, and his daily Care, well cloath'd,
Well-fed with ev'ry nicer Cate; no Coſt,
No Labour ſpar'd; who, when the flying Chace
Broke from the Copſe, without a Rival led

The num'rous Train: Now a ſad Spectacle
Of Pride brought low, and humbled Inſolence,
Drove like a pannier'd Aſs, and ſcourg'd along.
While theſe with looſen'd Reins, and dangling Heels,
Hang on their reeling Palfreys, that ſcarce bear
Their Weights; another in the treach'rous Bog
Lies flound'ring half ingulph'd. What biteing Thoughts
Torment th'abandon'd Crew! old Age laments
His Vigour ſpent: The tall, plump, brawny Youth
Curſes his cumb'rous Bulk; and envies now
The ſhort Pygmean Race, he whilom kenn'd
With proud inſulting Leer. A choſen few
Alone the Sport enjoy, nor droop beneath
Their pleaſing Toils. Here, Huntſman, from this Height
Obſerve yon Birds of Prey; if I can judge
'Tis there the Villain lurks; they hover round

And

And claim him as their own. Was I not right;
See! there he creeps along; his Bruſh he drags,
And ſweeps the Mire impure; from his wide Jaws
His Tongue unmoiſten'd hangs; Symptoms too ſure
Of ſudden Death. Hah! yet he flies, nor yields
To black Deſpair. But one Looſe more, and all
His Wiles are vain. Hark! thro' yon Village now
The rattling Clamour rings. The Barns, the Cots
And leafleſs Elms return the joyous Sounds.
Thro' ev'ry Homeſtall, and thro' ev'ry Yard,
His midnight Walks, panting, forlorn, he flies;
Thro' every Hole he ſneaks, thro' ev'ry Jakes
Plunging he wades beſmear'd, and fondly hopes
In a ſuperior Stench to loſe his own:
But faithful to the Track, th' unerring Hounds
With Peals of echoing Vengeance cloſe purſue.
And now diſtreſs'd, no ſhelt'ring Covert near
Into the Hen-rooſt creeps, whoſe Walls with Gore

Diſtain'd

Diſtain'd atteſt his Guilt. There, Villain, there
Expect thy Fate deſerv'd. And ſoon from thence
The Pack inquiſitive, with Clamour loud,
Drag out their trembling Prize; and on his Blood
With greedy Tranſport feaſt. In bolder Notes
Each ſounding Horn proclaims the Felon dead:
And all th' aſſembled Village ſhouts for Joy.
The Farmer who beholds his mortal Foe
Stretch'd at his Feet, applauds the glorious Deed,
And grateful calls us to a ſhort Repaſt:
In the full Glaſs the liquid Amber ſmiles,
Our native Product. And his good old Mate
With choiceſt Viands heaps the lib'ral Board,
To crown our Triumphs, and reward our Toils.

Here muſt th' inſtructive Muſe (but with Reſpect)
Cenſure that num'rous Pack, that Croud of State,

With

With which the vain Profuſion of the Great
Covers the Lawn, and ſhakes the trembling Copſe.
Pompous Incumbrance! A Magnificence
Uſeleſs, vexatious! For the wily Fox,
Safe in th' increaſing Number of his Foes,
Kens well the great Advantage: Slinks behind
And ſlyly creeps thro' the ſame beaten Track,
And hunts them Step by Step; then views eſcap'd
With inward Extaſy, the panting Throng
In their own Footſteps puzzled, foil'd, and loſt.
So when proud *Eaſtern* Kings, ſummon to Arms
Their gaudy Legions, from far diſtant Climes
They flock in Crouds, unpeopling half a World:
But when the Day of Battle calls them forth
To charge the well-train'd Foe, a Band compact
Of choſen Vet'ranes; they preſs blindly on,
In Heaps confus'd, by their own Weapons fall,
A ſmoking Carnage ſcatter'd o'er the Plain.

Nor Hounds alone this noxious Brood deſtroy:
The plunder'd Warrener full many a Wile
Deviſes to entrap his greedy Foe,
Fat with nocturnal Spoils. At Cloſe of Day,
With Silence drags his Trail; then from the Ground
Pares thin the cloſe-graz'd Turf, there with nice Hand
Covers the latent Death, with curious Springs
Prepar'd to fly at once, whene'er the Tread
Of Man or Beaſt, unwarily ſhall preſs
The yielding Surface. By th' indented Steel
With Gripe tenacious held, the Felon grins,
And ſtruggles, but in vain: Yet oft 'tis known,
When ev'ry Art has fail'd, the captive Fox
Has ſhar'd the wounded Joint, and with a Limb
Compounded for his Life. But if perchance
In the deep Pitfall plung'd, there's no Eſcape;

But

But unrepriev'd he dies, and bleach'd in Air
The Jeſt of Clowns, his reeking Carcaſs hangs.

Of theſe are various Kinds; not ev'n the King
Of Brutes evades this deep devouring Grave:
But by the wily *African* betray'd,
Heedleſs of Fate, within its gaping Jaws
Expires indignant. When the orient Beam
With Bluſhes paints the Dawn; and all the Race
Carnivorous, with Blood full-gorg'd, retire
Into their darkſom Cells, there ſatiate ſnore
O'er dripping Offals, and the mangled Limbs
Of Men and Beaſts; the painful Forreſter
Climbs the high Hills, whoſe proud aſpiring Tops,
With the tall Cedar crown'd, and taper Fir,
Aſſail the Clouds. There 'mong the craggy Rocks,
And Thickets intricate, trembling he views
His Footſteps in the Sand; the diſmal Road

And Avenue to Death. Hither he calls
His watchful Bands; and low into the Ground
A Pit they ſink, full many a Fathom deep.
Then in the midſt a Column high is rear'd,
The Butt of ſome fair Tree; upon whoſe Top
A Lamb is plac'd, juſt raviſh'd from his Dam.
And next a Wall they build, with Stones and Earth
Encircling round, and hiding from all View
The dreadful Precipice. Now when the Shades
Of Night hang low'ring o'er the Mountain's Brow;
And Hunger keen, and pungent Thirſt of Blood,
Rouze up the ſlothful Beaſt, he ſhakes his Sides,
Slow-riſing from his Lair, and ſtretches wide
His rav'nous Paws, with recent Gore diſtain'd.
The Foreſts tremble, as he roars aloud,
Impatient to deſtroy. O'erjoy'd he hears
The bleating Innocent, that claims in vain
The Shepherd's Care, and ſeeks with piteous Moan

The

The foodful Teat; himſelf, alas! deſign'd
Another's Meal. For now the greedy Brute
Winds him from far; and leaping o'er the Mound
To ſeize his trembling Prey, headlong is plung'd
Into the deep Abyſs. Proſtrate he lies
Aſtunn'd and impotent. Ah! what avail
Thine Eye-balls flaſhing Fire, thy Length of Tail,
That laſhes thy broad Sides, thy Jaws beſmear'd
With Blood and Offals crude, thy ſhaggy Main
The Terror of the Woods, thy ſtately Port,
And Bulk enormous, ſince by Stratagem
Thy Strength is foil'd? Unequal is the Strife,
When ſov'reign Reaſon combats brutal Rage.

On diſtant *Ethiopia*'s Sun-burnt Coaſts,
The black Inhabitants a Pitfall frame,
But of a diff'rent Kind, and diff'rent Uſe.
With ſlender Poles the wide capacious Mouth,

And Hurdles ſlight, they cloſe; o'er theſe is ſpread
A Floor of verdant Turf, with all its Flow'rs
Smiling deluſive, and from ſtricteſt Search
Concealing the deep Grave, that yawns below.
Then Boughs of Trees they cut, with tempting Fruit
Of various Kinds ſurcharg'd; the downy Peach,
The cluſt'ring Vine, and of bright golden Rind
The fragrant Orange. Soon as Ev'ning grey
Advances ſlow, beſprinkling all around
With kind refreſhing Dews the thirſty Glebe,
The ſtately Elephant from the cloſe Shade
With Step majeſtick ſtrides, eager to taſte
The cooler Breeze, that from the Sea-beat Shore
Delightful breaths, or in the limpid Stream
To lave his panting Sides; joyous he ſcents
The rich Repaſt, unweeting of the Death
That lurks within. And ſoon he ſporting breaks

The brittle Boughs, and greedily devours
The Fruit delicious. Ah! too dearly bought;
The Price is Life. For now the treach'rous Turf
Trembling gives way; and the unweildy Beaſt
Self-ſinking, drops into the dark Profound.
So when dilated Vapours, ſtruggling heave
Th' incumbent Earth; if Chance the cavern'd Ground,
Shrinking ſubſide, and the thin Surface yield,
Down ſinks at once the pond'rous Dome, ingulph'd
With all its Tow'rs. Subtle, deluſive Man!
How various are thy Wiles! artful to kill
Thy ſavage Foes, a dull unthinking Race!
Fierce from his Lair, ſprings forth the ſpeckled Pard,
Thirſting for Blood, and eager to deſtroy;
The Huntſman flies, but to his Flight alone
Confides not: At convenient Diſtance fix'd,
A poliſh'd Mirrour, ſtops in full Career

The furious Brute: He there his Image views;
Spots againſt Spots with Rage improving glow;
Another Pard his briſtly Whiſkers curls,
Grins as he grins, fierce-menacing, and wide
Diſtends his op'ning Paws; himſelf againſt
Himſelf oppoſed, and with dread Vengeance arm'd.
The Huntſman now ſecure, with fatal Aim
Directs the pointed Spear, by which transfix'd
He dies, and with him dies the rival Shade.
Thus Man innum'rous Engines forms, t'aſſail
The Savage kind: But moſt the docile Horſe,
Swift and confederate with Man, annoys
His Brethren of the Plains; without whoſe Aid
The Hunters Arts are vain, unſkill'd to wage
With the more active Brutes an equal War.
But born by him, without the well-train'd Pack,
Man dares his Foe, on Wings of Wind ſecure.

Him the fierce *Arab* mounts, and with his Troop
Of bold Compeers, ranges the Deſerts wild:
Where by the Magnet's Aid, the Traveller
Steers his untrodden Courſe; yet oft on Land
Is wreck'd, in the high-rolling Waves of Sand
Immerſt and loſt. While theſe intrepid Bands,
Safe in their Horſes Speed, out-fly the Storm,
And ſcouring round, make Men and Beaſts their Prey.
The griſly Boar is ſingled from his Herd
As large as that in *Erimanthian* Woods,
A Match for *Hercules*. Round him they fly
In Circles wide; and each in paſſing ſends
His feather'd Death into his brawny Sides.
But perilous th'Attempt. For if the Steed
Haply too near approach; or the looſe Earth
His Footing fail; the watchful angry Beaſt

Th'Advantage ſpies; and at one ſidelong Glance
Rips up his Groin. Wounded, he rears aloft,
And plunging, from his Back the Rider hurls
Precipitant; then bleeding ſpurns the Ground,
And drags his reeking Entrails o'er the Plain.
Mean while the ſurly Monſter trots along,
But with unequal Speed; for ſtill they wound,
Swift-wheeling in the ſpacious Ring. A Wood
Of Darts upon his Back he bears; adown
His tortur'd Sides, the crimſon Torrents roll
From many a gaping Font. And now at laſt
Stagg'ring he falls, in Blood and Foam expires.

But whither roves my devious Muſe, intent
On antique Tales? While yet the Royal Stag
Unſung remains. Tread with reſpectful Awe
Windſor's green Glades; where *Denham*, tuneful Bard,
Charm'd once the liſt'ning Dryads, with his Song

Sublimely ſweet. O! grant me, ſacred Shade,
To glean ſubmiſs what thy full Sickle leaves.

The Morning Sun that gilds with trembling Rays
Windſor's high Towr's, beholds the courtly Train
Mount for the Chace, nor views in all his Courſe
A Scene ſo gay: Heroick, noble Youths,
In Arts, and Arms renown'd, and lovely Nymphs
The faireſt of this Iſle, where Beauty dwells
Delighted, and deſerts her *Paphian* Grove
For our more favour'd Shades: In proud Parade
Theſe ſhine magnificent, and preſs around
The Royal happy Pair. Great in themſelves,
They ſmile ſuperior; of external Show
Regardleſs, while their inbred Virtues give
A Luſtre to their Pow'r, and grace their Court
With real Splendors, far above the Pomp
Of eaſtern Kings, in all their Tinſel Pride.

Like Troops of *Amazons*, the female Band
Prance round their Cars, not in refulgent Arms
As thoſe of old; unſkill'd to wield the Sword,
Or bend the Bow, theſe kill with ſurer Aim.
The royal Offspring, faireſt of the Fair,
Lead on the ſplendid Train. *Anna* more bright
Than Summer Suns, or as the Light'ning keen,
With irreſiſtible Effulgence arm'd,
Fires ev'ry Heart. He muſt be more than Man,
Who unconcern'd can bear the piercing Ray.
Amelia, milder than the bluſhing Dawn,
With ſweet engaging Air, but equal Pow'r
Inſenſibly ſubdues, and in ſoft Chains
Her willing Captives leads. Illuſtrious Maids
Ever triumphant! whoſe victorious Charms,
Without the needleſs Aid of high Deſcent
Had aw'd Mankind, and taught the World's great Lords

To

To bow and ſue for Grace. But who is he
Freſh as a Roſe-bud newly blown, and fair
As op'ning Lillies; on whom ev'ry Eye
With Joy, and Admiration dwells? See, ſee,
He reins his docile Barb with manly Grace,
Is it *Adonis* for the Chace array'd?
Or *Britain*'s ſecond Hope? Hail blooming Youth!
May all your Virtues with your Years improve,
'Till in conſummate Worth, you ſhine the Pride
Of theſe our Days, and to ſucceeding Times
A bright Example. As his Guard of Mutes
On the great Sultan wait, with Eyes deject
And fix'd on Earth, no Voice, no Sound is heard
Within the wide Serail, but all is huſh'd,
And awful Silence reigns; thus ſtand the Pack
Mute and unmov'd, and cow'ring low to Earth,
While paſs the glitt'ring Court, and Royal Pair:
So diſciplin'd thoſe Hounds, and ſo reſerv'd,

Whoſe Honour 'tis to glad the Hearts of Kings.
But ſoon the winding Horn, and Huntſman's Voice,
Let looſe the gen'ral Chorus; far around
Joy ſpreads its Wings, and the gay Morning ſmiles.

Unharbour'd now the Royal Stag forſakes
His wonted Lair; he ſhakes his dappled Sides,
And toſſes high his beamy Head, the Copſe
Beneath his Antlers bends. What doubling Shifts
He tries! not more the wily Hare; in theſe
Wou'd ſtill perſiſt, did not the full-mouth'd Pack
With dreadful Conſort thunder in his Rear.
The Woods reply, the Hunter's chearing Shouts
Float thro' the Glades, and the wide Foreſt rings.
How merrily they chant! their Noſtrils deep
Inhale the grateful Steam. Such is the Cry,
And ſuch th'harmonious Din, the Soldier deems
The Battle kindling, and the Stateſman grave

Forgets

Forgets his weighty Cares; each Age, each Sex
In the wild Tranſport joins; luxuriant Joy,
And Pleaſure in Exceſs, ſparkling exult
On ev'ry Brow, and revel unreſtrain'd.
How happy art thou, Man, when thou'rt no more
Thy ſelf! when all the Pangs that grind thy Soul,
In Rapture and in ſweet Oblivion loſt,
Yield a ſhort Interval, and Eaſe from Pain!

See the ſwift Courſer ſtrains, his ſhining Hoofs
Securely beat the ſolid Ground. Who now
The dang'rous Pitfall fears, with tangling Heath
High-overgrown? Or who the quiv'ring Bog
Soft-yielding to the Step? All now is plain,
Plain as the Strand Sea-lav'd, that ſtretches far
Beneath the rocky Shore. Glades croſſing Glades
The Foreſt opens to our wond'ring View:
Such was the King's Command. Let Tyrants fierce

Lay

Lay waſte the World; his the more glorious Part
To check their Pride; and when the brazen Voice
Of War is huſh'd, (as erſt victorious *Rome*)
T' employ his ſtation'd Legions in the Works
Of Peace; to ſmooth the rugged Wilderneſs,
To drain the ſtagnate Fen, to raiſe the Slope
Depending Road, and to make gay the Face
Of Nature, with th' Embelliſhments of Art.

How melts my beating Heart! as I behold
Each lovely Nymph our Iſland's Boaſt and Pride,
Puſh on the gen'rous Steed, that ſtrokes along
O'er rough, o'er ſmooth, nor heeds the ſteepy Hill,
Nor faulters in th' extended Vale below;
Their Garments looſely waving in the Wind,
And all the Fluſh of Beauty in their Cheeks!
While at their Sides their penſive Lovers wait,
Direct their dubious Courſe; now chill'd with Fear

Soli-

Solicitous, and now with Love inflam'd.
O! grant, indulgent Heav'n, no riſing Storm
May darken with black Wings, this glorious Scene!
Shou'd ſome malignant Pow'r thus damp our Joys,
Vain were the gloomy Cave, ſuch as of old
Betray'd to lawleſs Love the *Tyrian* Queen.
For *Britain*'s virtuous Nymphs are chaſte as fair,
Spotleſs, unblam'd, with equal Triumph reign
In the Dun Gloom, as in the Blaze of Day.

Now the blown Stag, thro' Woods, Bogs, Roads, and Streams
Has meaſur'd half the Foreſt; but alaſs!
He flies in vain, he flies not from his Fears.
Tho' far he caſt the ling'ring Pack behind,
His haggard Fancy ſtill with Horrors views
The fell Deſtroyer; ſtill the fatal Cry
Inſults his Ears, and wounds his trembling Heart.

So

So the poor Fury-haunted Wretch (his Hands
In guiltleſs Blood diſtain'd) ſtill ſeems to hear
The dying Shrieks; and the pale threat'ning Ghoſt
Moves as he moves, and as he flies, purſues.
See here his Slot; up yon green Hill he climbs,
Pants on its Brow awhile, ſadly looks back
On his Purſuers, cov'ring all the Plain;
But wrung with Anguiſh, bears not long the Sight,
Shoots down the Steep, and ſweats along the Vale:
There mingles with the Herd, where once he reign'd
Proud Monarch of the Groves, whoſe claſhing Beam
His Rivals aw'd, and whoſe exalted Pow'r
Was ſtill rewarded with ſucceſsful Love.
But the baſe Herd, have learn'd the Ways of Men,
Averſe they fly, or with rebellious Aim

Chace him from thence: needleſs their impious
Deed,
The Huntſman knows him by a thouſand Marks,
Black, and Imboſt; nor are his Hounds deceiv'd;
Too well diſtinguiſh theſe, and never leave
Their once devoted Foe; familiar grows
His Scent, and ſtrong their Appetite to kill.
Again he flies, and with redoubled Speed
Skims o'er the Lawn; ſtill the tenacious Crew
Hang on the Track, aloud demand their Prey
And puſh him many a League. If haply then
Too far eſcap'd, and the gay courtly Train
Behind are caſt, the Huntſman's clanging Whip
Stops full their bold Career; paſſive they ſtand,
Unmov'd, an humble, an obſequious Crowd,
As if by ſtern *Meduſa* gaz'd to Stones.
So at their Gen'ral's Voice whole Armies halt
In full Purſuit, and check their Thirſt of Blood.

Soon

Soon at the King's Command, like haſty Streams
Damm'd up a while, they foam, and pour along
With freſh recruited Might. The Stag, who hop'd
His Foes were loſt, now once more hears aſtunn'd
The dreadful Din; he ſhivers ev'ry Limb,
He ſtarts, he bounds; each Buſh preſents a Foe.
Preſs'd by the freſh Relay, no Pauſe allow'd,
Breathleſs, and faint, he faulters in his Pace,
And lifts his weary Limbs with Pain, that ſcarce
Suſtain their Load; he pants, he ſobs appall'd;
Drops down his heavy Head to Earth, beneath
His cumb'rous Beams oppreſs'd. But if perchance
Some prying Eye ſurprize him; ſoon he rears
Erect his tow'ring Front, bounds o'er the Lawn
With ill-diſſembled Vigour, to amuſe
The knowing Foreſter; who inly ſmiles
At his weak Shifts, and unavailing Frauds.
So midnight Tapers waſte their laſt Remains,

Shine

Shine forth a while, and as they blaze expire.
From Wood to Wood redoubling Thunders roll,
And bellow thro' the Vales; the moving Storm
Thickens amain, and loud triumphant Shouts,
And Horns ſhrill-warbling in each Glade, prelude
To his approaching Fate. And now in view
With hobbling Gate, and high, exerts amaz'd
What Strength is left: To the laſt Dregs of Life
Reduc'd, his Spirits fail, on ev'ry Side
Hemm'd in, beſieg'd; not the leaſt Op'ning left
To gleaming Hope, th' Unhappy's laſt Reſerve.
Where ſhall he turn? Or whither fly? Deſpair
Gives Courage to the Weak. Reſolv'd to dye,
He fears no more, but ruſhes on his Foes,
And deals his Deaths around; beneath his Feet
Theſe grovelling lye, thoſe by his Antlers gor'd
Defile th' enſanguin'd Plain. Ah! ſee diſtreſs'd
He ſtands at Bay againſt yon knotty Trunk,

That covers well his Rear, his Front preſents
An Hoſt of Foes. O! ſhun, ye noble Train,
The rude Encounter, and believe your Lives
Your Country's Due alone. As now aloof
They wing around, he finds his Soul uprais'd,
To dare ſome great Exploit; he charges home
Upon the broken Pack, that on each Side
Fly diverſe; then as o'er the Turf he ſtrains,
He vents the cooling Stream, and up the Breeze
Urges his Courſe with eager Violence:
Then takes the Soil, and plunges in the Flood
Precipitant; down the Mid-Stream he wafts
Along, 'till (like a Ship diſtreſs'd, that runs
Into ſome winding Creek) cloſe to the Verge
Of a ſmall Iſland, for his weary Feet
Sure Anchorage he finds, there ſkulks immers'd.
His Noſe alone above the Wave, draws in
The vital Air; all elſe beneath the Flood

Conceal'd,

Conceal'd, and loſt, deceives each prying Eye
Of Man or Brute. In vain the crowding Pack
Draw on the Margin of the Stream, or cut
The liquid Wave with oary Feet, that move
In equal Time. The gliding Waters leave
No Trace behind, and his contracted Pores
But ſparingly perſpire: The Huntſman ſtrains
His lab'ring Lungs, and puffs his Cheeks in vain:
At length a Blood-hound bold, ſtudious to kill,
And exquiſite of Senſe, winds him from far;
Headlong he leaps into the Flood, his Mouth
Loud op'ning ſpends amain, and his wide Throat
Swells ev'ry Note with Joy; then fearleſs dives
Beneath the Wave, hangs on his Hanch, and wounds
Th'unhappy Brute, that flounders in the Stream,
Sorely diſtreſs'd, and ſtruggling ſtrives to mount
The ſteepy Shore. Haply once more eſcap'd;
Again he ſtands at Bay, amid the Groves

Of Willows, bending low their downy Heads.
Outragious Tranſport fires the greedy Pack;
Theſe ſwim the Deep, and thoſe crawl up with Pain
The ſlipp'ry Bank, while others on firm Land
Engage; the Stag repells each bold Aſſault,
Maintains his Poſt, and Wounds for Wounds returns.
As when ſome wily Corſair boards a Ship
Full-freighted, or from *Afric*'s golden Coaſts,
Or *India*'s wealthy Strand, his bloody Crew
Upon her Deck he flings; theſe in the Deep
Drop ſhort, and ſwim to reach her ſteepy Sides,
And clinging climb aloft; while thoſe on Board
Urge on the Work of Fate; the Maſter bold,
Preſs'd to his laſt Retreat, bravely reſolves
To ſink his Wealth beneath the whelming Wave,
His Wealth, his Foes, nor unreveng'd to dye.
So fares it with the Stag: So he reſolves

To

To plunge at once into the Flood below,
Himſelf, his Foes in one deep Gulph immers'd.
E'er yet he executes this dire Intent,
In wild Diſorder once more views the Light;
Beneath a Weight of Woe, he groans diſtreſs'd:
The Tears run trickling down his hairy Cheeks;
He weeps, nor weeps in vain. The King beholds
His wretched Plight, and Tenderneſs innate
Moves his great Soul. Soon at his high Command
Rebuk'd, the diſappointed, hungry Pack
Retire ſubmiſs, and grumbling quit their Prey.

GREAT Prince! from thee, what may thy Subjects hope;
So kind, and ſo beneficent to Brutes?
O Mercy, heav'nly born! Sweet Attribute!
Thou great, thou beſt Prerogative of Pow'r!
Juſtice may guard the Throne, but join'd with thee,

On Rocks of Adamant it ſtands ſecure,
And braves the Storm beneath; ſoon as thy Smiles
Gild the rough Deep, the foaming Waves ſubſide,
And all the noiſy Tumult ſinks in Peace.

The

The ARGUMENT of the Fourth Book.

OF the Neceſſity of deſtroying ſome Beaſts, and preſerving others for the Uſe of Man. Of breeding of Hounds; the Seaſon for this Buſineſs. The Choice of the Dog, of great Moment. Of the Litter of Whelps. Of the Number to be rear'd. Of ſetting them out to their ſeveral Walks. Care to be taken to prevent their Hunting too ſoon. Of ent'ring the Whelps. Of breaking them from running at Sheep. Of the Diſeaſes of Hounds. Of their Age. Of Madneſs; two Sorts of it deſcribed, the Dumb, and outragious Madneſs: It's dreadful Effects. Burning of the Wound recommended as preventing all ill Conſequences. The infectious Hounds to be ſeparated, and fed apart. The Vanity of truſting to the many infallible Cures for this Malady. The diſmal Effects of the Biting of a Mad Dog, upon Man deſcribed. Deſcription of the Otter Hunting. The Concluſion.

BOOK the Fourth.

WHATE'ER of Earth is form'd, to Earth returns
Diſſolv'd: the various Objects we behold,
Plants, Animals, this whole material Maſs,
Are ever changing, ever new. The Soul
Of Man alone, that Particle divine,
Eſcapes the Wreck of Worlds, when all things fail.
Hence great the Diſtance 'twixt the Beaſts that periſh,
And God's bright Image, Man's immortal Race.
The Brute Creation are his Property,
Subſervient to his Will, and for him made.

As

As hurtful theſe he kills, as uſeful thoſe
Preſerves; their ſole and arbitrary King.
Shou'd he not kill, as erſt the *Samian* Sage
Taught unadvis'd, and *Indian* Brachmans now
As vainly preach; the teeming rav'nous Brutes
Might fill the ſcanty Space of this Terrene,
Incumb'ring all the Globe: Shou'd not his Care
Improve his growing Stock, their Kinds might fail,
Man might once more on Roots, and Acorns feed,
And thro' the Deſerts range, ſhiv'ring, forlorn,
Quite deſtitute of ev'ry Solace dear,
And ev'ry ſmiling Gaiety of Life.

The prudent Huntſman therefore will ſupply
With annual large Recruits, his broken Pack,
And propagate their Kind. As from the Root
Freſh Scions ſtill ſpring forth, and daily yield
New blooming Honours to the Parent-Tree.

Far ſhall his Pack be fam'd, far ſought his Breed,
And Princes at their Tables feaſt thoſe Hounds
His Hand preſents, an acceptable Boon.

E'er yet the Sun thro' the bright Ram has urg'd
His ſteepy Courſe, or Mother Earth unbound
Her frozen Boſom to the *Weſtern* Gale;
When feather'd Troops, their ſocial Leagues diſſolv'd,
Select their Mates, and on the leafleſs Elm
The noiſy Rook builds high her wicker Neſt;
Mark well the wanton Females of thy Pack,
That curl their Taper Tails, and friſking court
Their pyebald Mates enamour'd; their red Eyes
Flaſh Fires impure; nor Reſt, nor Food they take,
Goaded by furious Love. In ſep'rate Cells
Confine them now, leſt bloody Civil Wars
Annoy thy peaceful State. If left at large,

The

The growling Rivals in dread Battle join,
And rude Encounter. On *Scamander*'s Streams
Heroes of old with far leſs Fury fought,
For the bright *Spartan* Dame, their Valour's Prize.
Mangled and torn thy fav'rite Hounds ſhall lie,
Stretch'd on the Ground; thy Kennel ſhall appear
A Field of Blood: like ſome unhappy Town
In Civil Broils confus'd, while Diſcord ſhakes
Her bloody Scourge aloft, fierce Parties rage,
Staining their impious Hands in mutual Death.
And ſtill the beſt belov'd, and braveſt fall:
Such are the dire Effects of lawleſs Love.

Huntsman! theſe Ills by timely prudent Care
Prevent: for ev'ry longing Dame ſelect
Some happy Paramour; to him alone
In Leagues connubial join. Conſider well
His Lineage; what his Fathers did of old,

Chiefs

Chiefs of the Pack, and firſt to climb the Rock,
Or plunge into the Deep, or thread the Brake
With Thorns ſharp-pointed, plaſh'd, and Briars inwoven.
Obſerve with Care his Shape, Sort, Colour, Size.
Nor will ſagacious Huntſmen leſs regard
His inward Habits, the vain Babbler ſhun,
Ever loquacious, ever in the wrong.
His fooliſh Offspring ſhall offend thy Ears
With falſe Alarms, and loud Impertinence.
Nor leſs the ſhifting Cur avoid, that breaks
Illuſive from the Pack; to the next Hedge
Devious he ſtrays, there ev'ry Muſe he tries,
If haply then he croſs the ſtreaming Scent,
Away he flies vain-glorious; and exults
As of the Pack ſupreme, and in his Speed
And Strength unrivall'd. Lo! caſt far behind
His vex'd Aſſociates pant, and lab'ring ſtrain

To climb the ſteep Aſcent. Soon as they reach
Th'inſulting Boaſter, his falſe Courage fails,
Behind he lags, doom'd to the fatal Nooſe,
His Maſter's Hate, and Scorn of all the Field.
What can from ſuch be hop'd, but a baſe Brood
Of coward Curs, a frantick, vagrant Race?

WHEN now the third revolving Moon appears,
With ſharpen'd Horns, above th' Horizon's Brink;
Without *Lucina*'s Aid, expect thy Hopes
Are amply crown'd; ſhort Pangs produce to Light
The ſmoking Litter, crawling, helpleſs, blind,
Nature their Guide, they ſeek the pouting Teat
That plenteous ſtreams. Soon as the tender Dam
Has form'd them with her Tongue, with Pleaſure view
The Marks of their renown'd Progenitors,
Sure Pledge of Triumphs yet to come. All theſe

Select

Select with Joy; but to the merc'leſs Flood
Expoſe the dwindling Refuſe, nor o'erload
Th'indulgent Mother. If thy Heart relent,
Unwilling to deſtroy, a Nurſe provide,
And to the Foſter-Parent give the Care
Of thy ſuperfluous Brood; ſhe'll cheriſh kind
The Alien Offspring; pleas'd thou ſhalt behold
Her Tenderneſs, and hoſpitable Love.

If frolick now, and play-full they deſert
Their gloomy Cell, and on the verdant Turf
With Nerves improv'd, purſue the mimick Chace,
Courſing around; unto thy choiceſt Friends
Commit thy valu'd Prize: The ruſtick Dames
Shall at thy Kennel wait, and in their Laps
Receive thy growing Hopes, with many a Kiſs
Careſs, and dignify their little Charge
With ſome great Title, and reſounding Name

Of

Of high Import. But cautious here obſerve
To check their youthful Ardour, nor permit
The unexperienc'd Younker, immature,
Alone to range the Woods, or haunt the Brakes
Where dodging Conies ſport: His Nerves unſtrung,
And Strength unequal; the laborious Chace
Shall ſtint his Growth, and his raſh forward Youth
Contract ſuch vicious Habits, as thy Care
And late Correction never ſhall reclaim.

When to full Strength arriv'd, mature and bold,
Conduct them to the Field; not all at once,
But as thy cooler Prudence ſhall direct,
Select a few, and form them by Degrees
To ſtricter Diſcipline. With theſe conſort
The Stanch, and ſteddy Sages of thy Pack,
By long Experience vers'd in all the Wiles,
And ſubtle Doublings of the various Chace.

Eaſy the Leſſon of the youthful Train,
When Inſtinct prompts, and when Example guides.
If the too forward Younker at the Head
Preſs boldly on, in wanton ſportive Mood,
Correct his Haſte, and let him feel abaſh'd
The ruling Whip. But if he ſtoop behind
In wary modeſt Guiſe, to his own Noſe
Confiding ſure; give him full Scope to work
His winding Way, and with thy Voice applaud
His Patience, and his Care; ſoon ſhalt thou view
The hopeful Pupil Leader of his Tribe,
And all the liſt'ning Pack attend his Call.

Oft lead them forth where wanton Lambkins play,
And bleating Dams with jealous Eyes obſerve
Their tender Care. If at the crowding Flock
He bay preſumptuous, or with eager Haſte

Purſue

Purſue them ſcatter'd o'er the verdant Plain;
In the foul Fact attach'd, to the ſtrong Ram
Tye faſt the raſh Offender. See! at firſt
His horn'd Companion, fearful, and amaz'd,
Shall drag him trembling o'er the rugged Ground:
Then with his Load fatigued, ſhall turn a Head,
And with his curl'd hard Front inceſſant peal
The panting Wretch; 'till breathleſs and aſtunn'd,
Stretch'd on the Turf he lie. Then ſpare not thou
The twining Whip, but ply his bleeding Sides
Laſh after Laſh, and with thy threat'ning Voice,
Harſh-echoing from the Hills, inculcate loud
His vile Offence. Sooner ſhall trembling Doves
Eſcap'd the Hawk's ſharp Talons, in mid Air,
Aſſail their dang'rous Foe, than he once more
Diſturb the peaceful Flocks. In tender Age
Thus Youth is train'd; as curious Artiſts bend

The

The taper, pliant Twig; or Potters form
Their ſoft and ductile Clay to various Shapes.

Nor is't enough to breed; but to preſerve
Muſt be the Huntſman's Care. The ſtanch old Hounds,
Guides of thy Pack, tho' but in Number few,
Are yet of great Account; ſhall oft untye
The Gordian Knot, when Reaſon at a ſtand
Puzzling is loſt, and all thy Art is vain.
O'er clogging Fallows, o'er dry plaſter'd Roads,
O'er floated Meads, o'er Plains with Flocks diſtain'd
Rank-ſcenting, theſe muſt lead the dubious Way.
As Party-Chiefs in Senates who preſide,
With pleaded Reaſon and with well-turn'd Speech
Conduct the ſtaring Multitude; ſo theſe
Direct the Pack, who with joint Cry approve,
And loudly boaſt Diſcov'ries not their own.

Unnumber'd Accidents, and various Ills,
Attend thy Pack, hang hov'ring o'er their Heads,
And point the Way that leads to Death's dark Cave.
Short is their Span; few at the Date arrive
Of ancient *Argus* in old *Homer*'s Song
So highly honour'd: Kind, ſagacious Brute!
Not ev'n *Minerva*'s Wiſdom could conceal
Thy much lov'd Maſter from thy nicer Senſe.
Dying his Lord he own'd, view'd him all o'er
With eager Eyes, then cloſ'd thoſe Eyes, well pleas'd.

Of leſſer Ills the Muſe declines to ſing,
Nor ſtoops ſo low; of theſe each Groom can tell
The proper Remedy. But O! what Care!
What Prudence can prevent Madneſs, the worſt
Of Maladies? Terrifick Peſt! that blaſts

The Huntſman's Hopes, and Deſolation ſpreads
Thro' all th'unpeopled Kennel unreſtrain'd.
More fatal than th'envenom'd Viper's Bite;
Or that *Apulian* Spider's pois'nous Sting,
Heal'd by the pleaſing Antidote of Sounds.

When *Sirius* reigns, and the Sun's parching Beams
Bake the dry gaping Surface, viſit thou
Each Ev'n and Morn, with quick obſervant Eye,
Thy panting Pack. If in dark ſullen Mood,
The glouting Hound refuſe his wonted Meal,
Retiring to ſome cloſe, obſcure Retreat,
Gloomy, diſconſolate: With Speed remove
The poor infectious Wretch, and in ſtrong Chains
Bind him ſuſpected. Thus that dire Diſeaſe
Which Art can't cure, wiſe Caution may prevent.

But this neglected, ſoon expect a Change,
A diſmal Change, Confuſion, Frenzy, Death.
Or in ſome dark Receſs, the ſenſeleſs Brute
Sits ſadly pining: Deep Melancholy,
And black Deſpair, upon his clouded Brow
Hang low'ring; from his half-op'ning Jaws
The clammy Venom, and infectious Froth,
Diſtilling fall; and from his Lungs inflam'd,
Malignant Vapours taint the ambient Air,
Breathing Perdition: His dim Eyes are glaz'd,
He droops his penſive Head, his trembling Limbs
No more ſupport his Weight; abject he lies,
Dumb, ſpiritleſs, benumb'd; 'till Death at laſt
Gracious attends, and kindly brings Relief.

Or if outragious grown, behold alas!
A yet more dreadful Scene; his glaring Eyes

Redden with Fury, like ſome angry Boar
Churning he foams; and on his Back erect
His pointed Briſtles riſe; his Tail incurv'd
He drops, and with harſh broken Howlings rends
The poiſon-tainted Air, with rough hoarſe Voice
Inceſſant Bays; and ſnuffs th' infectious Breeze;
This Way and that he ſtares aghaſt, and ſtarts
At his own Shade; jealous, as if he deem'd
The World his Foes. If haply tow'rd the Stream
He caſt his roving Eye, cold Horror chills
His Soul; averſe he flies, trembling, appall'd.
Now frantick to the Kennel's utmoſt Verge
Raving he runs, and deals Deſtruction round.
The Pack fly diverſe; for whate'er he meets
Vengeful he bites, and ev'ry Bite is Death.

If now perchance thro' the weak Fence eſcap'd,
Far up the Wind he roves, with open Mouth

Inhales

Inhales the cooling Breeze, nor Man, nor Beaſt
He ſpares implacable. The Hunter-Horſe
Once kind Aſſociate of his ſylvan Toils,
(Who haply now without the Kennel's Mound
Crops the rank Mead, and liſt'ning hears with Joy
The chearing Cry, that Morn and Eve ſalutes
His raptur'd Senſe) a wretched Victim falls.
Unhappy Quadrupede! no more, alas!
Shall thy fond Maſter with his Voice applaud
Thy Gentleneſs, thy Speed; or with his Hand
Stroke thy ſoft dappled Sides, as he each Day
Viſits thy Stall, well pleas'd; no more ſhalt thou
With ſprightly Neighings, to the winding Horn,
And the loud op'ning Pack in conſort join'd,
Glad his proud Heart. For oh! the ſecret Wound
Rankling inflames, he bites the Ground and dies.

Hence to the Village with pernicious Haſte
Baleful he bends his Courſe: The Village flies
Alarm'd; the tender Mother in her Arms,
Hugs cloſe the trembling Babe; the Doors are barr'd,
And flying Curs by native Inſtinct taught,
Shun the contagious Bane; the ruſtick Bands
Hurry to Arms, the rude Militia ſeize
Whate'er at hand they find; Clubs, Forks, or Guns
From ev'ry Quarter charge the furious Foe,
In wild Diſorder, and uncouth Array:
'Till now with Wounds on Wounds oppreſs'd and gor'd
At one ſhort pois'nous Gaſp he breaths his laſt.

Hence to the Kennel, Muſe, return, and view,
With heavy Heart that Hoſpital of Woe;
Where Horror ſtalks at large, inſatiate Death

Sits

Sits growling o'er his Prey: Each Hour preſents
A diff'rent Scene of Ruin and Diſtreſs.
How buſy art thou, Fate! and how ſevere
Thy pointed Wrath! the Dying and the Dead
Promiſcuous lye; o'er theſe the Living fight
In one eternal Broil; not conſcious why,
Nor yet with whom. So Drunkards in their Cups,
Spare not their Friends, while ſenſeleſs Squabble reigns.

HUNTSMAN! it much behooves thee to avoid
The perilous Debate! Ah! rouze up all
Thy Vigilance, and tread the treach'rous Ground
With careful Step. Thy Fires unquench'd preſerve,
As erſt the Veſtal Flame; the pointed Steel
In the hot Embers hide; and if ſurpriz'd
Thou feel'ſt the deadly Bite, quick urge it home
Into the recent Sore, and cauterize

The Wound; ſpare not thy Fleſh, nor dread th' Event:
Vulcan ſhall ſave, when *Æſculapius* fails.

Here, ſhou'd the knowing Muſe recount the Means
To ſtop this growing Plague. And here, alas!
Each Hand preſents a ſov'reign Cure, and boaſts
Infallibility, but boaſts in vain.
On this depend, each to his ſep'rate Seat
Confine, in Fetters bound; give each his Meſs
Apart, his Range in open Air; and then
If deadly Symptoms to thy Grief appear;
Devote the Wretch, and let him greatly fall,
A gen'rous Victim for the publick Weal.

Sing, philoſophick Muſe, the dire Effects
Of this contagious Bite on hapleſs Man.

The

The ruſtick Swains, by long Tradition taught
Of Leeches old, as ſoon as they perceive
The Bite impreſs'd, to the Sea-Coaſts repair.
Plung'd in the briny Flood, th' unhappy Youth
Now journeys home ſecure; but ſoon ſhall wiſh
The Seas as yet had cover'd him beneath
The foaming Surge, full many a Fathom deep.
A Fate more diſmal, and ſuperior Ills
Hang o'er his Head devoted. When the Moon
Cloſing her monthly round, returns again
To glad the Night; or when full-orb'd ſhe ſhines
High in the Vault of Heav'n; the lurking Peſt
Begins the dire Aſſault. The pois'nous Foam
Thro' the deep Wound inſtill'd with hoſtile Rage,
And all its fiery Particles ſaline,
Invades th' arterial Fluid; whoſe red Waves
Tempeſtuous heave, and their Coheſion broke,
Fermenting boil; inteſtine War enſues,

And

And Order to Confuſion turns embroil'd.
Now the diſtended Veſſels ſcarce contain
The wild Uproar, but preſs each weaker Part,
Unable to reſiſt: The tender Brain,
And Stomach ſuffer moſt; Convulſions ſhake
His trembling Nerves, and wand'ring pungent Pains
Pinch ſore the ſleepleſs Wretch; his flutt'ring Pulſe
Oft intermits; penſive, and ſad, he mourns
His cruel Fate, and to his weeping Friends
Laments in vain; to haſty Anger prone,
Reſents each ſlight Offence, walks with quick Step,
And wildly ſtares; at laſt with boundleſs Sway
The Tyrant Frenzy reigns. For as the Dog,
(Whoſe fatal Bite convey'd th' infectious Bane)
Raving he foams, and howls, and barks, and bates.
Like Agitations in his boiling Blood
Preſent like Species to his troubled Mind;

His

His Nature, and his Actions all canine.
So as (old *Homer* ſung) th' Aſſociates wild
Of wand'ring *Ithacus*, by *Circe*'s Charms
To Swine transform'd, ran gruntling thro' the Groves.
Dreadful Example to a wicked World!
See there diſtreſs'd he lies! parch'd up with Thirſt,
But dares not drink. 'Till now at laſt his Soul
Trembling eſcapes, her noiſome Dungeon leaves,
And to ſome purer Region wings away.

One Labour yet remains, celeſtial Maid!
Another Element demands thy Song.
No more o'er craggy Steeps, thro' Coverts thick
With pointed Thorn, and Briers intricate,
Urge on with Horn and Voice the painful Pack:
But ſkim with wanton Wing th' irriguous Vale,
Where winding Streams amid the flow'ry Meads
Perpetual glide along; and undermine

The

The cavern'd Banks, by the tenacious Roots
Of hoary Willows arch'd; gloomy Retreat
Of the bright ſcaly Kind; where they at Will,
On the green wat'ry Reed their Paſture graze,
Suck the moiſt Soil, or ſlumber at their Eaſe,
Rock'd by the reſtleſs Brook, that draws aſlope
Its humid Train, and laves their dark Abodes.
Where rages not Oppreſſion? Where, alas!
Is Innocence ſecure? Rapine and Spoil
Haunt ev'n the loweſt Deeps; Seas have their Sharks,
Rivers and Ponds inclos'd, the rav'nous Pike;
He in his Turn becomes a Prey; on him
Th' amphibious Otter feaſts. Juſt is his Fate
Deſerv'd: But Tyrants know no Bounds; nor Spears
That briſtle on his Back, defend the Perch
From his wide greedy Jaws; nor burniſh'd Mail
The yellow Carp; nor all his Arts can ſave
Th' inſinuating Eel, that hides his Head

Beneath

Beneath the ſlimy Mud; nor yet eſcapes
The crimſon-ſpotted Trout, the River's Pride,
And Beauty of the Stream. Without Remorſe,
This midnight Pillager ranging around,
Inſatiate ſwallows all. The Owner mourns
Th' unpeopled Rivulet, and gladly hears
The Huntſman's early Call, and ſees with Joy
The jovial Crew, that march upon its Banks
In gay Parade, with bearded Lances arm'd.

This ſubtle Spoiler of the Beaver kind,
Far off perhaps, where ancient Alders ſhade
The deep ſtill Pool; within ſome hollow Trunk
Contrives his wicker Couch: Whence he ſurveys
His long Purlieu, Lord of the Stream, and all
The finny Shoals his own. But you, brave Youths,
Diſpute the Felon's Claim; try ev'ry Root,
And ev'ry reedy Bank; encourage all

The

The buſy-ſpreading Pack, that fearleſs plunge
Into the Flood, and croſs the rapid Stream.
Bid Rocks, and Caves, and each reſounding Shore,
Proclaim your bold Defiance; loudly raiſe
Each chearing Voice, 'till diſtant Hills repeat
The Triumphs of the Vale. On the ſoft Sand
See there his Seal impreſs'd! and on that Bank
Behold the glitt'ring Spoils, half-eaten Fiſh,
Scales, Fins, and Bones, the Leavings of his Feaſt.
Ah! on that yielding Sag-bed, ſee, once more
His Seal I view. O'er yon dank ruſhy Marſh
The ſly Gooſe-footed Proler bends his Courſe,
And ſeeks the diſtant Shallows. Huntſman, bring
Thy eager Pack; and trail him to his Couch.
Hark! the loud Peal begins, the clam'rous Joy,
The gallant Chiding, loads the trembling Air.

YE *Naiads* fair, who o'er theſe Floods preſide,
Raiſe up your dripping Heads above the Wave,
And hear our Melody. Th' harmonious Notes
Float with the Stream; and ev'ry winding Creek
And hollow Rock, that o'er the dimpling Flood
Nods pendant; ſtill improve from Shore to Shore
Our ſweet reiterated Joys. What Shouts!
What Clamour loud! What gay heart-chearing Sounds
Urge thro' the breathing Braſs their mazy Way!
Not Quires of Tritons glad with ſprightlier Strains
The dancing Billows; when proud *Neptune* rides
In Triumph o'er the Deep. How greedily
They ſnuff the fiſhy Steam, that to each Blade
Rank-ſcenting clings! See! how the Morning Dews
They ſweep, that from their Feet beſprinkling drop
Diſpers'd, and leave a Track oblique behind.

Now on firm Land they range; then in the Flood
They plunge tumultuous; or thro' reedy Pools
Ruſtling they work their Way: no Holt eſcapes
Their curious Search. With quick Senſation now
The fuming Vapour ſtings; flutter their Hearts,
And Joy redoubled burſts from ev'ry Mouth,
In louder Symphonies. Yon hollow Trunk,
That with its hoary Head incurv'd, ſalutes
The paſſing Wave; muſt be the Tyrant's Fort,
And dread abode. How theſe impatient climb,
While others at the Root inceſſant Bay:
They put him down. See, there he dives along!
Th' aſcending Bubbles mark his gloomy Way.
Quick fix the Nets, and cut off his Retreat
Into the ſhelt'ring Deeps. Ah, there he vents!
The Pack plunge headlong, and protended Spears
Menace Deſtruction. While the troubled Surge
Indignant foams, and all the ſcaly Kind

Affrighted,

Affrighted, hide their Heads. Wild Tumult reigns,
And loud Uproar. Ah, there once more he vents!
See, that bold Hound has ſeiz'd him; down they ſink,
Together loſt: But ſoon ſhall he repent
His raſh Aſſault. See, there eſcap'd, he flies
Half drown'd, and clambers up the ſlipp'ry Bank
With Ouze and Blood diſtain'd. Of all the Brutes,
Whether by Nature form'd, or by long Uſe,
This artful Diver beſt can bear the Want
Of vital Air. Unequal is the Fight,
Beneath the whelming Element. Yet there
He lives not long; but Reſpiration needs
At proper Intervals. Again he vents;
Again the Crowd attack. That Spear has pierc'd
His Neck; the crimſon Waves confeſs the Wound.
Fix'd is the bearded Lance, unwelcome Gueſt,
Where-e'er he flies; with him it ſinks beneath,

With him it mounts; ſure Guide to ev'ry Foe.
Inly he groans, nor can his tender Wound
Bear the cold Stream. Lo! to yon ſedgy Bank
He creeps diſconſolate; his num'rous Foes
Surround him, Hounds, and Men. Pierc'd thro' and thro',
On pointed Spears they lift him high in Air;
Wriggling he hangs, and grins, and bites in vain:
Bid the loud Horns, in gayly-warbling Strains,
Proclaim the Felon's Fate; he dies, he dies.

Rejoice, ye ſcaly Tribes, and leaping dance
Above the Wave, in Sign of Liberty
Reſtor'd; the cruel Tyrant is no more.
Rejoice ſecure and bleſs'd; did not as yet
Remain, ſome of your own rapacious Kind;
And Man, fierce Man, with all his various Wiles.

O Happy! if ye knew your happy State,
Ye Rangers of the Fields; whom Nature boon
Chears with her Smiles, and ev'ry Element
Conſpires to bleſs. What, if no Heroes frown
From marble Pedeſtals; nor *Raphael*'s Works,
Nor *Titian*'s lively Tints, adorn our Walls?
Yet theſe the meaneſt of us may behold;
And at another's Coſt may feaſt at Will
Our wond'ring Eyes; what can the Owner more?
But vain, alas! is Wealth, not grac'd with Pow'r.
The flow'ry Landſkip, and the gilded Dome,
And Viſtas op'ning to the wearied Eye,
Thro' all his wide Domain; the planted Grove,
The ſhrubby Wilderneſs, with its gay Choir
Of warbling Birds, can't lull to ſoft Repoſe
Th'ambitious Wretch, whoſe diſcontented Soul
Is harrow'd Day and Night; he mourns, he pines,

Until his Prince's Favour makes him great.
See there he comes, th'exalted Idol comes!
The Circle's form'd, and all his fawning Slaves
Devoutly bow to Earth; from ev'ry Mouth
The nauſeous Flatt'ry flows, which he returns
With Promiſes, that die as ſoon as born.
Vile Intercourſe! where Virtue has no Place.
Frown but the Monarch; all his Glories fade;
He mingles with the Throng, outcaſt, undone,
The Pageant of a Day; without one Friend
To ſooth his tortur'd Mind; all, all are fled.
For tho' they baſk'd in his meridian Ray,
The Inſects vaniſh, as his Beams decline.

Not ſuch our Friends; for here no dark Deſign,
No wicked Int'reſt bribes the venal Heart;
But Inclination to our Boſom leads,

And

And weds them there for Life; our ſocial Cups
Smile, as we ſmile; open, and unreſerv'd.
We ſpeak our inmoſt Souls; good Humour, Mirth,
Soft Complaiſance, and Wit from Malice free,
Smooth ev'ry Brow, and glow on ev'ry Cheek.

O Happineſs ſincere! what Wretch wou'd groan
Beneath the galling Load of Pow'r, or walk
Upon the ſlipp'ry Pavements of the Great,
Who thus cou'd reign, unenvy'd and ſecure?

Ye guardian Pow'rs who make Mankind your Care,
Give me to know wiſe Nature's hidden Depths,
Trace each myſterious Cauſe, with Judgment read
Th' expanded Volume, and ſubmiſs adore
That great creative Will, who at a Word
Spoke forth the wond'rous Scene. But if my Soul

To

To this groſs Clay confin'd, flutters on Earth
With leſs ambitious Wing; unſkill'd to range
From Orb to Orb, where *Newton* leads the Way;
And view with piercing Eyes, the grand Machine,
Worlds above Worlds; ſubſervient to his Voice,
Who veil'd in clouded Majeſty, alone
Gives Light to all; bids the great Syſtem move,
And changeful Seaſons in their Turns advance,
Unmov'd, unchang'd, himſelf. Yet this at leaſt
Grant me propitious, an inglorious Life,
Calm and ſerene, nor loſt in falſe Purſuits
Of Wealth or Honours; but enough to raiſe
My drooping Friends, preventing modeſt Want,
That dares not aſk. And if to crown my Joys,
Ye grant me Health, that, ruddy in my Cheeks,
Blooms in my Life's Decline; Fields, Woods, and Streams,

Each

Each tow'ring Hill, each humble Vale below,
Shall hear my chearing Voice, my Hounds ſhall wake
The lazy Morn, and glad th'Horizon round.

FINIS.

ERRATA.

Page 32. Line 3. *for* Hair, *read* Hail.

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